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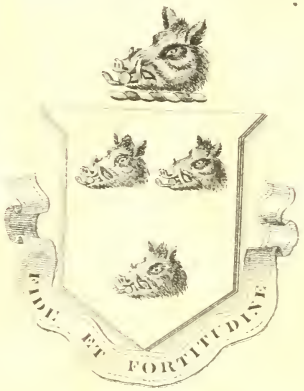

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VIRTUOUS WIFE;

OR,

Good Luck at last.

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

Dukes Theater,

By His *ROYAL HIGHNESS*
His SERVANTS.

WRITTEN
By *THOMAS DURFEY*, Gent.

In the *SAVOY*:
Printed by *T. N.* for *R. Bentley*, and *M. Magnes*, in *Russel-Street*, near the *Piazza*, at the Post-house.
Anno Dom. 1680.

149,548
May, 1873

Prologue

Spoke by Mrs. *BARRER.*

A Virtuous Wife! Why what a damn'd miſtake
The Poet's in, to think this Play can take?
Nay, in this age, where Virtue is as ſcarce
As Truth in Women, Wit in the laſt Farce,
Or Coin 'mongſt the diſbanded Sons of Mars,
Who now to th' Farmers Daughters talk of Plot,
Then make 'um trudge to Town with Toothleſs Brats,
That ſprawl in th' Handbasket, and mew like Cats.
No flying from Colours, Made the Captains dull,
Children and Fagots, kept them always full;
If Our Houſe were but ſo for every Play,
I'de ſoon deſert my Virtuous part to day;
A Part, that I am ſure, can take with none
But Women, or ſome Citt, that pays halfe a Crown,
To ſee this Wife, that he may curſe his own.
So modiſh Beldam once did break the Glaſs
That frighted her with her damn'd ugly Face;
And why then ſhould I play't, faith I'll give o'er
Deſert the Muſes Cauſe, and play no more;
For Vnderhil, Jevan Currier, Tony Lee,
Nokes, *all have better Characters than me.*

Lee *peeps out of a little window over the Stage.*

Lee. What Mrs. *Barrer*! hah——What's that you ſay?
Have I a better Character in th' Play?——
The Devil I have as ſoon——pox! don't collogue
I Play a Fool you know, a ſilly Rogue——
Barr. Say what you pleaſe, 'tis written with more Art,
Pray tell the Poet ſo, and there's his Part.

Lee.

Lee. Hold hold,—'sdeath are you mad, ſhall we lye down, { *Throws her*
Loſe all our ſhares, nay, and affront the Town? { *Part away.*
For ſhame——What 'mongſt our ſelves have Civil Wars?
Bar. Pith——I can live without ye, thank my Stars.
Lee. Without us—very fine—gad ſhe provokes——
Come Madam *Lofty* I perceive your Jokes;
This is a Plot, a trick——'twixt you and *Nokes*——

Nokes *peeps out of a little Window the other ſide of the Stage.*

Nokes. How me? and what of me, peart brother Tony?
Lee. Why Sir, I ſay you're Mrs *Barrers* Crony,
And teach her to throw up her Parts.
Nokes. Ye lye.
And you're a Pimp, a Pandarus of *Troy*
A Gripe, a Fumble.
Lee. Nay, and you 'gin to quarrel,
Gad ye're a Swaſh, a Toby in a Barrel,
Would you were here.
Nokes. I faith would I were there.
Barr. Well, I muſt do't I ſee, or loſe my ſhare,
Come come—be friends, I'll Act—for once I'll trye.
Lee. Why then all's well again—— (*Shuts one Window.*
Nokes. And ſo ſay I.—— *Shuts t'other Window.*
Barr. Since then I muſt this virtuous form put on,
That like old faſhion'd Clothes, ſits well on none.
At leaſt, as you think Gallants, uſe me well (*To the Audience.*
Praiſe me, and lye like any Fiends of Hell——
For if you fail, I'll flie from your illuſion,
And turn true virtuous Wife to your confuſion.

Drammatis

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Beverly. A wild extravagant Gentleman, Husband to *Olivia* } Mr. *Harris.*

Beauford. A young wild unfortunate fellow, always engaging himſelf in Intrigues, but never proſpering in any. } Mr. *Smith.*

Sir Frol. Whim. A humorous old Knight, vext that now he is old, he cannot follow the vices and debauchery of Youth. } Mr. *Jevan.*

Sir Lub. Widg. His Nephew and Ward, an incorrigible Fool, ſuitor to my Lady *Beardly.* } Mr. *Lee.*

Brainworm. A clowniſh fellow ſervant to *Beauford.*

Amble. Servant to *Beverley.* Mr. *Underhil.*

Crotchett. A Singing-Maſter. Mr. *Bowman.*

Women.

Olivia. The Virtuous Wife, a witty high ſpirited Woman, Wife to *Beverly.* } Mrs. *Barrer.*

La. Beardly. An amorous impertinent old Woman one that has buried three Husbands, yet ſtill very deſirous to be courted. } Mr. *Nokes.*

Jenny Wheadle. A Town Jilt, kept by *Beverly* Mrs. *Currer.*

Lidia. Siſter to *Beverly*, in love with *Beauford.* } Mrs. *Seymour.*

Tiſſick. Woman to Lady *Beardly.* Mrs. *Norrice.*

Goldſmith, Servants, and Attendants.

Scene Chelſey.

A CATALOGUE OF BOOKS,

Printed for *R. Bentley*, and *M. Magnes*.

Plays Writ by John Dryden, *Esq*;

Limberham, or the *Kind Keeper*.
Mistaken Husband, *Part*.
Oedipus, *King* of *Theebs*.
Notes of *Morockor*.

Plays Writ by Mr. Lee.

Nero, a *Tragedy*.
Sophonisba, a *Tragedy*.
Gloriana, a *Tragedy*.
Alexander the *Great*.
Methridates King of *Pontus*.
Cæsar Borgia, Son of Pope *Alexander* the Sxith.
Oedipus in part, with Esq; *D*.

Plays Writ by Mr. Crown.

Calisto, Acted by the Lady *Mary*, and the Lady *Anne*, and many other of the Greatest Quality at *Court*.
Andromache, a *Tragedy*.
Country-Wit, a *Comedy*.
Destruction of *Jerusalem*, in Two Parts.

Plays Writ by Mr. Durfey.

Madam Fickell.
Fond Husband.
Fool turn'd *Critick*.
Esquire Old-Sap.
Virtuous Wife, all Five Comedies.

Tartuf, a Comedy.
Forced Marriage, a Comedy.
Generous Enemies, a Comedy.
English Monsieur, a Comedy.
All Mistaken, a Comedy.
Town-Fop, a Comedy.
Abdellazor, a Tragedy.
Plain Dealer.

New Novels.

Happy Slave.
Heroyne Musquiteer.
Princes of *Cleves*.
Maria Manchina.
Obliging Mistriss.
Double Cuckold.
Unfortunate Heroe.
Allmanzor, and *Allmanzade*.

A VIRTUOUS WIFE,

OR,

Good Luck at last.

Act *the First.* Scene *Pallace Guard.*

Enter Mr. Beverly, Matilda, Amble, *waiting.*

Bev. PRithee good Siren, Sing no more! Do not ſpread thy Nets to my undoing, nor draw me any further; I am this hour a Man of buſineſs. Buſineſs, ſweet heart; a bleſſing your Function alwayes muſt give way to. Therefore farewell: nay now thou wilt be ſo troubleſome. Sirrah, bid the Coachman make ready.

Matild. Will ye ever uſe me thus? I ſwear you are lately grown ſo ill natur'd, my patience is quite tired—What Buſineſs can you have? or if it be ſo, methinks my Company ſhould outweigh all.

Bever. Well ſaid Lady *Vanity*—I warrant you think that glance quaintly with the Corner of your eye beares an ineſtimable value, and not to be poſſibly deſerted.

Matild. Not I, I assure you——

Bever. O yes! or that the soft Rosie inside of your hand, the Index of youth and Wealthy Nature deserves Millions of Kisses from the Charm'd Adorer; ha! come, confess, Is not this your thought?

Matild. I need not answer, Sir, if you were as ready to have a good natur'd Opinion of me, as you are to vent your ill-natur'd Jest. But, since Raillery is your Chief Diversion, I hope I may tell you, that whatever my Person has, my Love I'm sure has deserved better usage from you.

Bever. How better usage! nay, gad, I deny that, except I have dream't all this while——By heaven thou hast like a Usurer, hoarded up my Love for this halfe year, without allowing me wherewith to defray Occasional Expences; and, that Craving Creature that expects more, I think is most unconscionable.

Matild. And that dull Flegmatick Creature, that pays less, I am sure is most ungrateful—— But, Is this Raillery obliging d'ee think now? Is this consistent with the Love you have protested? Are these the fruits of passion?

Bever. Passion! fy fy! name it no more! Folly, though but once recited, is too much. 'Tis shameful to hear it twice: besides, Madam, Love and Passion are onely fit for vacant houres, the friends of idleness, and fowl weather, when that Divine Essence our Reason has leisure to let loose our Soules to things transitory——'Tis for a Cloudy season, sweet heart. There's other matters to be perform'd when the Sun shines.

Matild. And pray what do you call Celestial, if Love and Beauty are such transitory things?

Bever. What—— Why, Immortal Wit, true Friends, sprightly Champaign, heavenly Musick, Philosophical Arguments, Exercise, and a number more. Beauty is but a Sewer to these, a Grace Cup, when the great Banquet is ended, and is used by your true Lover, as the last Course, fruit is onely for the sake of Digestion.

Matild. Well——what you please, you know your power over me. (*Weeps.*

Bever. Ha, ha, ha——Come, I have done. I'll vex thee no more. Thou knowst my peevish temper, and shouldst bear with it——Come, no more of this *April* weather; Heark'ee, I have bespoke a Ring of my Goldsmith for Thee. 'Twill cost me 30 Guinnies, and expect it home this morning——let that reconcile all——by heaven I do love Thee.

Matild. You did love me before you were Marry'd: but these Wives are such Covetous Creatures, They'll be sure to grutch a shilling to another, be their own Coffers never so full——

Bever. Then more, to confirm my Love to Thee, know, that I am grown Jealous of my Wife, and fear I have Cause——

Matild. You have often begun to tell me how your Marriage came to effect, and the cauſe of changing your name— but never ended it.

Bever. Now liſten then. There was a Gentleman, one *Beauford*, bred up here at our Univerſity, who, about two years ſince, unfortunately killing a Gentleman in a Duel, was forc'd to fly—but, ere he went, there was a Match propounded by his Father (and for ſome time ſecretly carried on by him) betwixt his Son, and my now Wife, the ſole Daughter and Heir of the old Lord *Thorough-good*; ſhe never ſaw *Beauford* but once, and then this misfortune happening, the buſineſs was deferred — till he got his Pardon; but, before he could procure it, the old man his Father dy'd, leaving his Eſtate in Truſtees hands, till *Beauford* ſhould come to age. Now, in this juncture, I neerly reſembling him in ſtature, and complexion, and being then paſſionately in Love with *Olivia*, boldly purſu'd the Plot, and, about ſix Months ſince, changing my Name for his, as if I came juſt then from *Paris*, made my Addreſs; 'Twas doubtful at firſt, by reaſon we differ a little in Face; but, telling her I had lately been ſick of the Small Pox, which had extremely alter'd me, it paſs'd clearly, and in a Weeks time I Married her, then diſcover'd all, and ask'd her pardon, which ſhe never wou'd grant, and that's the reaſon of all our Quarrels and Jealouſies—

Matild. But, What will you do, when the real *Beaufort* returnes? 'twill be no eaſie matter to perſwade him out of his Name.

Bever. Nor he me out of my Wife; and, to deal freely, I expect him every day. For, his Friends have got his Pardon, and expect his return ſuddenly. How now!

Enter Amble.

Amble. Sir, my Lady is walking down this way.

Bever. Begon then my Dear. 'Tis not fit ſhe ſee thee: but, be ſure you come to morrow to my Houſe, I'll contrive ſome way to ſhift her off, and then wee'll waſte an hour or two alone.

J. Whead. Will you be ſure to remember, a Wife is ſuch a Magnetick kind of Creature, that I am afraid you'll forget me.

Bever. I won't, my honor on my word.

J. Whead. And, Will you ſtill remember your poor Love?

Bever. While my Life laſts.

J. Whead. Will you indeed?

Bever. Indeed I will; ſee, yonder ſhe's coming, prithee goe.

J. Whead. Well then adue— What, won't you kiſs me at parting? Lord, that a Wife ſhould ſo alter a Man, a Kiſs ſure can't be mis't.

Bever. No, not a Thouſand; but prithee now be gone, I am afraid ſhe ſee's thee— *(Kiſſes her.*

Amble, wait on her home, and then go to the Goldſmith, and ſee if the Ring be done—De'e hear!

Amble. Yes Sir,— (*Exit* Amble *and J. Wheadle.*

Bever. Here ſhe comes, now for a Scene of Love, Marriage-gallantry, which, in our modiſh ſence is down-right Railing, the effect of Jealouſy and Negligence, and as natural to the Marry'd-Tribe, as want of honeſty is to thoſe that profeſs it——hem—pray heaven I have but breath enough, that's all my fear.

Enter Olivia *and* Roſe.

Oliv. What alone Sir! at this time of day, and muſing too, this is a miracle, not one of your Brothers of the Bottle here, nor Dear Friends of t'other Sex, to keep off pelting Melancholly—this is very ſtrange.

Bever. Let there be no Scandals rais'd upon the Bottle, I beſeech you Madam, for, to my knowledge, the Wine within that Bottle has been a Bleſſing to a Man, when his Impertinent VVife has been a Plague to him.

Oliv. Pardon me, Sir, think not that I find fault with the VVine, for that is our Friend as much as yours, and often to oblige us, makes the Jealous Husband ſleep ſoundly; That the VVedlock-Bed may be free from his Midnight unſeaſonable railing.

Bever. Nay, rather, we may be free from your unreaſonable Impertinencies; thoſe houres Nature allows us for reſt, you take the priviledge to diſturbe with your damn'd Queſtions; and, gad I have often anſwer'd e'm as Children ſay their Prayers, ſo between ſleep and awake——that I have never conſider'd my own words, nor your ſatisfaction.

Oliv. My ſatisfaction---I dare ſwear you did not, for if you had, you would have ſlept ſoundly, ſlept, Sir, as you us'd to do thoſe nights, when you have been weary with the Dayes Fatigue. Your Mouth open, as if you were ſwallowing the Jealous Aire, that was to be vented againſt me the next morning, and ſnoring in ſuch a horrid VVhiſtling Tone, ſuch a Barbrous Untunable Key——That the poor Bellman has often ſtood frighted at the dore, with the apprehenſion of Ghoſts and Murders.

Bever. VVhat's this? I ſnore? I tell thee, Thou moſt intollerable provoking VVoman; No Man in Chriſtendom ſleeps more ſilently than I, or with a clearer Conſcience, I thank Providence——

Oliv. Nay, talk not of Conſcience, Sir, for that, to my knowledge is in your Miſtreſſes power, and ſhe keeps it cloſe ſhut up in the ſame purſe where ſhe keeps her Guinnyes.

Bever. I a Miſtreſs——gad would I could get one at a reaſonable rate, that I may be reveng'd on Thee! well, I'll comfort my ſelf with the hopes, that there may a chance happen, and then thank your ſelf, that are ſo ill furniſh'd with new Charmes. That your very

very expreſſions, and ſometimes Dreſs is grown old-faſhion'd, and faith I ever hated Stale-Wares I confeſs. They were never for my purchaſe.——

Oliv. Stale! what is it you think ſo Stale Sir?

Bever. Why, a Wife of ſix moneths ſtanding is Stale I think; what a pox——would you have?

Oliv. 'Tis the corruption of Matrimony that make us ſo, if we are. Mix Gold with Lead, and ſee if the baſeneſs of the one —— does not Eclipſe the luſter of the other.

Bever. Ay that Luſter you ſpeak of, is ſo ſoon vaniſh'd, that a man ought to be of a good ſound faith, to believe 'tis to be found in any Woman, much leſs in the married Tribe — for a Woman's like a falſe Guinney, that at firſt being little worn, might perhaps paſs current, but once tryed by the Touchſtone-Mariage, is found damnably counterfeit, and good for nothing.——

Oliv. And to requite your Simile, Sir, a dull Husband is like an ill clock, he always ſtrikes falſe, and is ever mending, and were it not for faſhion ſake, I ſwear, I think we had better have none.

Bever. The Devil's in her, ſhe will have the laſt word, and I muſt be gone in my own defence. Well Madam. I have other buſineſs now than to ſtand chatting with you; but aſſure your ſelf, I ſhall find a time to requite your Repartee: and ſo adieu dear Wife.

Oliv. Your ſervant dear Husband. *(Fleering.*

Bever. Very well. There's no harm in this I hope. *Exit.*

Enter Lidia.

Lidia. Siſter, your puniſhment is like to increaſe, who d'ye think's coming yonder?

Oliv. I cann't imagine, prethee who?

Lidia. Beauford: the real *Beauford* is return'd, has got his pardon, and is juſt come to Town; I overtook him juſt now, he and his Man are coming down this way.

Oliv. Now Husband be kind to me, if thou canſt, thou never hadſt more cauſe. Come, let's make haſte away, for I dare not let him know me now.

Lid. For fear of your Husband I warrant! well, if this be the Fate of Marriage, Heaven keep me in a better mind. *Exeunt.*

Enter Beaufort *and* Brainworm.

Beauf. Sirrah, this is the place where we muſt firſt pitch our Tent in purſuance of my deſigne. 'Twas here I had the misfortune of the Duel, which has ſince done me ſo much injury in cauſing my abſence, for at that time I had commenced two Intrigues, that would have ſufficiently recompenc'd my trouble, if the Devil had not ruled in the air, and hedg'd me into that quarrel.

Brain.

Brain. Ah Sir! he rules in the Earth as well as the Air, and where there's any Wine or Women to be had, you may be ſure the Devil's not far off. But come Sir, my Charge, where lodges the Fairy, that I am to be Ambaſſador to? I gueſs my Office, I am to be Pimp-General ſtill.

Beauf. No ſirrah, you muſt help me to contrive how to ſpeak with *Olivia*; a fine Woman, and think I ſhall be welcome. But d'ye hear, do'nt let me relye upon my own invention; for 'tis forty to one but I ſpoil all, for I am the unluckieſt fellow at an Intrigue, I believe, that ever breath'd. I have run through more hazards than ever Don *Quixot* did, and I think have often eſcap'd as ill.

Brain. No faith Sir, you have done very well for your time, I think you were not pumpt and beaten above three times about your laſt buſineſs, were you Sir?

Beauf. No Raſcal, not pumpt at all: but the truth is, I was three times ſwing'd confoundedly.

Brain. Ha, ha, ha! great pity in good faith: but ſee the difference in Conſtitutions now: I warrant another man would have been ſuch a fool to have left off, and ventur'd no more, and now you are ready for another beating.

Beauf. A Miſtriſs, but not beating Raſcal, nor had the laſt prevail'd ſo, had I not been orepower'd; but the Devil's in't, my damn'd fortune ſtill jades me, for when I have brought a Plot juſt to perfection, by ſome awkard negligent action or other, I am ſure to ſpoil all agen, and then if no skirmiſh happen, 'tis ten to one but I am diſgrac'd, and that's all one: as for example, When I was in Town laſt, dining at a Judges Houſe, whilſt he was in his ſtudy ſetling ſome Law-buſineſs, I took the boldneſs to make Love to his Wife.

Brain. A very pretty boldneſs truly—and yet I think you never ſaw her before, Sir.

Beauf. Never not I; pox, I never conſider acquaintance in theſe caſes: well, ſhe was tollerable handſome faith, and of a good complexion, but had one damnable fault.—

Brain. What, Squinting eies, or rotten Teeth?

Beauf. Neither ſirrah, but damnably given to take tobacco, and very inclinable to drink Brandy: but in ſhort, we agreed about the buſineſs, very well, and faith in a little time were grown very intimate.

Brain. Ay, very intimate; I knew 'twould come to that, a fine Intimacy indeed; why Sir, do you never intend to have any conſideration? What cuckold a Judge? O Lord! a Reverend Judge—if you ſhould happen to be a Plotter now, and come to have any Seſſions-houſe buſineſs, you'll be in a fine condition, hang'd at leaſt:—Mercy on us a Judge!

Beauf. A Judge! ay a Judge. What a devil is that ſuch a wonder now! Sirrah, here was the Miſchief; My Lord, and ſhe lay in

two

two ſeveral Chambers, and I being commanded thither, came one night with my friend, and lay in another room cloſe by; about midnight I had occaſion to riſe, and go to my Lady to diſcourſe with her about, ſome very ſecret buſineſs.

Brainw. Ay ay! Law Caſes State politicks, and ſuch like.——

Beauf. Right ſirrah — but returning back agen——in the dark—— as the devil would have it, that always helps me out at a dead lift—— I thank him——inſtead of going into the right chamber to my friend—— I makes into the other room, and goes to bed to my Lord.——

Brainw. Ha! ha! ha! very fine indeed——

Beauf. There did I tell him (thinking it had been my friend) all that had paſt between me and this Lady, of a Jewel ſhe gave me, and what time was appointed for our meeting agen——in fine ſo much, that the poor old man was e'en out of his wit——for he cries out murder, calls up his ſervants, hunts about for his ſword, and had certainly kill'd me, if in this amazement I had not jumpt out of the Window into the Garden, and with the hazard of my Neck and Legs, made my eſcape: But what became of my ſleeping friend, Heaven knows, I have neither ſeen him nor her ſince.

Brain. Why faith, Signior, this was ill Luck, that's the truth on't; but what if it ſhould be catching now, and that I by following your ill fortune, ſhould have the ill fortune to be hang'd for company—— I queſtion whether the wages you give would make me amends.

Beauf. Ah ſirrah— your cowardize would be ſure to ſecure you.

Brain. How now! who are theſe?

Enter Sir Frolick Whimſey, *Sir* Lubberly Widgeon, *and Singing Maſter.*

Beauf. I know 'em, 'tis Sir *Frolick Whimſey*, an excellent old humouriſt, one ſo much in love with the debauchery and vices of youth——that he is always complaing of his Age and Impotence, tother is his Nephew, and Ward, one Sir *Lubberly Widgeon*, an incorrigible fool, and ſo us'd.

Sing-M. Sol, la, me, fa, ſol, la——Come Sir begin.

Beauf. Hark, a Singing-Maſter. I'll lay my life, let's ſtand by and liſten.——

Sir Frol. Give me patience, muſt I ſtill be thus tormented? troth Sir *Lubberly*——let me tell you——ye are a very provoking fellow, and had not your Father conjur'd me on his death-bed, to look after ye, and breed ye up well, you ſhould have look'd a Guardian for me, you ſhould Sir *Lubberly*.——

Sing-M. Come Sir, pray be rul'd, and ſing your Notes——Sol, la, come Sir, ſol, la, me——Come.

Sir Frol. Oh give me patience! not yet——Sir, do not provoke me. Do not I ſay——s'bud ſing, and quickly, or by this hand

Sir

Sir L. Widg. Well come what is't? what is't? s'bud muſt I be made a fool thus? —— Well come 'tis all one, what is't?

Sing-M. Sol, ſol.

Sir L. Widg. Sol, ſol — look now —— What the devil has he to do with my ſoul! Oh Lord! muſt I be thus us'd? ſirrah! you are a Canting Raſcal, and ſing worſe than the Vinegar-man, or Clark of *Pankridge*! ſirrah, you are — oh gods bud, muſt I be thus us'd?

Sing M. Ay 'tis no matter, 'tis no matter Sir, I muſt bear with ye: Come ſing your Note Come, Sol, la, me ——

L. Widg. Sol, ſol — la me — pox I ſhall never do't — no no, I ſhall never — why this is worſe than learning the Catechiſm, and ſaying it at Church without book. ——

Sing-M. Well — I muſt have patience — This is common with beginners, I muſt bear with ye.

Sir Frol. Bear with him! hang him! a Dunce! a Cuckoo! no time, no tune, no ear — ah — hadſt thou but known me a young man, I would have made thee aſham'd of this Sir, believe me, I had the prettieſt way of ſinging.

Sing-M. Sings very well Sir *Frollick*, and very well in Tune.

L. Widg- Ay very well, ha, ha, you lying Son of a whore! very well quotha, profoundly, he ſings worſe than the priſoners at *Newgate* (*To buy us bread*) ah that's heavenly to't.

Sir Frol. Sir *Lubberly*, you are a fooliſh fellow, and muſt, God mend me, be taught more manners! give me patience! is it fit for you to to deſcant on a perſon of my age and experience? go to — ah, Mr. *Crotchet*, I am the moſt unfortunate perſon! I am grown old o'th' ſudden, as 'twere, I know not how, all my good parts loſt, quite loſt as god ſave me. I am a Cipher now — good for nothing.

Sing-M. Oh think not ſo Sir, you are a luſty man. Now Sir, to divert you, I'll ſing you a merry Song. 'Tis not cuſtomary with us Profeſſors — but to oblige you Sir ——

Sir Frol. Thank you good Mr. *Crotchet.*

SONG.

LEt the Traitors plot on, till at laſt they'r undone,
By hurting their Brains to decoy us;
We whoſe hearts are at reſt, in our Loyalties Bleſt,
What Demon or Power can annoy us?
Ambition like Wine, does the Senſes confound,
And Treaſon's a damnable thing.
Then let him that thinks well, ſee his Brimmer go round,
And pray for the Safety, and Life of the KING.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Let Cæſar *Live long, let* Cæſar *live long,*
For ever be happy, and ever be young:
And he that dares hope to change a King for a Pope,
Let him die, let him die, while Cæſar *lives long.*

How happy are we! when our thoughts are all free,
And bleſt in our forced Obedience;
Whilſt the politick fool that's Ambitions to Rule,
Still banks at the Oath of Allegiance:
He trembles and flies from his numerous foes,
Like a Dear that the Hunters ſurround;
While we that hate all, that would Monarchs depoſe,
Make the joyes of our hearts, like our Glaſſes abound.

Chorus.

Let Cæſar *live long, let* Cæſar *live long,*
For ever be happy, and ever be young;
And he that dares hope to change a KING for a Pope,
Let him die, let him die, while Cæſar *lives long.*

Ay, this is ſomething. Well — you have notable skill on my word Sir——ha! certainly if I am not very much miſtaken, your name is *Beauford* Sir.

Beauf. The ſame Sir, and ever ſervant to Sir *Frollick Whimſey.*

Brainw. Or his Wife.

Beauf. Sir *Lubberly*, I have an ambition to kiſs your hand.

Sir L. Widg. Sir, that ambition ſhall be forthwith ſatisfied.

Sing-M. Sir *Frollick*— I'll wait on your Nephew to morrow: I ſee now you are engaged—— (*Exit* Crotchet.

Sir Frol. Your ſervant Sir—but Mr. *Beauford*, could I have imagin'd you would have been ſuch a ſtranger, and kept your affair ſo

close from your friend: Troth I must tell you I take it ill——

Beauf. Sir! you know 'twas fit a business of that nature should be carried with all secresie imaginable——for if I had been taken e'r I could have got my pardon.——

Sir Frol. Ah Sir! you are merry Sir, and shoot wide o'th' mark. But to come nearer to ye, 'tis matter of marriage I mean. Methinks Mr. *Beauford* I might have been trusted.

Beauf. Doubtless Sir, very safely. Marriage Sir, What a devil does he mean?

Brain. Nay I know not, but my Corns ake; I am afraid here's some mischief towards.

Beauf. How d'ye Sir *Frollick*? I believe you are not well.

Frol. Well in person, Sir, but in troth my Mind is disordered, I cannot drink, Sir; if I could but drink, my affliction would be the less, but I am the most unfortunate creature, I cannot last a moneth, that's certain, unless my faculty of drinking returns——

Sir L. Widg. Eating signifies nothing, he never was the better for that ——

Beauf. No!

Sir Frol. Sir—I have known ye the time, when I should have drunk ye 1 2 4 6 8 bottles at a sitting, and been never the worse, give me patience, now half a pint makes me drunk, dead drunk Sir—I am almost out of my wits — distracted——I cannot bear it.

(weeps.

Beauf. You must have patience Sir, was ever such an old coxcomb?

Sir Frol. What to be drunk with half a pint——by *Bacchus* 'tis intolerable —— Pray how does your Wife Mr. *Beauford*, is she breeding yet?

Beauf. My Wife!

Brain. How! his Wife——why Sir he has no Wife.

Sir Frol. No Wife——ha ha! you had best perswade me to that; why I came by your house not above two hours agoe, and saw her at a window——

Sir L. Widg. And I kist her yesterday as she was coming out of the Church ——

Beauf. Hey-day——why sure I am in *Fairy-Land*, a Wife and Family that every body knows, and I not know her my self.

Brain. Harkee Sir, for Heaven's sake let's away, for I believe that old Gentleman is bewitcht, and who knows but the Devil may have power over us too if we stay——

Sir Frol. Nay——you may strive to carry it as secretly as you please Sir. But what I know I know, you have a house here in *Chelsey*.—a Wife and a Family, and have been married above six moneths.

Beauf. Thank ye heartily Sir; faith tis the first time I knew on't.

Brain. 'Tis so—the Devil is in him for certain.

Enter

Enter Peter *with a Ring.*

Peter. Pray Gentlemen, which is Mr. *Beauford*'s houſe?

Sir Frol. Thou needſt go no farther fellow—here he is himſelf.

Beauf. My name is *Beauford* friend, haſt thou any buſineſs with me?

Peter. No great buſineſs an't pleaſe your worſhip, only I have brought your Worſhip the Ring your Worſhip beſpoke of my Maſter —

Beauf. The Ring?

Brain. Ownds! Theſe are the fineſt Wiches I ever heard of.

Peter. My Maſter ſays, if your Lady do not like the faſhion, ſhe may have it alter'd ——but for the Stones, he dares repoſite, they are as good as ever ſhe wore, and of the right black Water, and true Luſter.

Beauf. Pox—but what is it to me?——

Peter. Nay; e'en what your Worſhip pleaſes, 'tis at your diſpoſe now——

Brain. Why Sir——you know you beſpoke it for my Lady—ſee the defect of Memory now; Ownds! I remember it as well, as if it were but yeſterday. Take it Sir, 'tis right.

Beauf. Well, what's the purchaſe friend?

Peter. Alas! I know not Sir, your Worſhip and my Maſter muſt agree for that.

Brain. Ay ay! a very honeſt fellow i'faith, and of a good pleaſing Phiſiognomy—harkee! haſt thou nothing for me friend? hah?

Peter. Oh gods me! yes, your name I think is *Amble*, Mr. *Beauford*'s man?

Brain My name is *Trott*, Coſin-German to *Amble*, and thou ſee'ſt I am his man. Thou canſt not be miſtaken.

Peter. No no miſtaken; I remember, I think I ſaw you once at the *Talbot* drinking of Mumm with my Coſin *Scuttle-brain.*

Brain. Ay the ſame the ſame. Well, *Scuttle-brain*'s an honeſt fellow—— faith he and I have been old Cronies.

Peter. Have you ſo, lack-a-day! Well Sir, here's your Watch, 'tis very well done, I aſſure you; and Sir, my Maſter bid me tell you, if you can ſpare that little Money now, 'twill do him a kindneſs.

Brain. Well, when my Maſter payes him for the Ring, tell him—

Peter. Very well Sir, your ſervant—I'll tell him ſo, god bouy to your Worſhip——

Beauf. Friend, thou hadſt beſt ſtay and take thy Money, for fear thou ſeeſt that nor me no more.

Peter. Ah God bleſs your Worſhip; you're a merry man. See ye no more quotha? there's a jeſt indeed——

Brain. Ay, he jeſts, he jeſts——he's a wagg. Go, thou'rt a very

honeſt fellow—See him no more quotha — ha ha—

Sir Frol. What think you of this now Sir? you have no Houſe, no Wife, no Family, not you I warrant ye, this amazes ye——

Beauf. Gad and ſo it does——

Brain. Signior, I think 'tis beſt to draw off with the purchaſe, leſt it be purſu'd and retaken——

Sir Frol. Well Mr. *Beaufort*, your care in obſcuring your Wife, has made me long to ſee my own. For know Sir, that ſince I ſaw you laſt, I am married too, and, tho I ſay it, to a Beauty, tho I do not exclude her from the view of the world as you do your——but you doubtleſs have ſome reaſon for it——and I'll urge it no further, and ſo farewel—— *Exit.*

Beauf. How? he married, and to a young Woman? I muſt know more of this; Sir *Lubberly*, a word with you. Prethee what young Lady is it your Unckle has married——hah——

Sir L. Widg. Ha——what is ſhe? why wou'd you know now, wou'd you know——gad it won't do——ha ha ha! not a word of the Pudding not I — ha ha! are you thereabout faith?

SINGS.

Roſie Cheeks and dimpled Chin,
Slow Will *of* Stenſon.
Cole-black Eyes, and Milk-white Skin,
Oh! pretty Pegg *of* Benſon.

Beauf. The devil take thee for a poſitive fool; well I muſt leave it for time to diſcover——as to the tother buſineſs, the old Knight, and this Ring——give me ſufficient cauſe to believe, I am miſtaken for another——be it ſo; 'Tis but fortune thrown upon me, and none of my ſeeking. Come ſirrah. I have an old Aunt here in Town that I muſt inſtantly viſit, ſhe's call'd my Lady *Beardly*. Her character I'll give thee as we go along——how now, who's this?

Brain. Hah! I know not; I hope another Witch with a bag of Money.

Enter Roſe, *and delivers* Beauford *a Letter and* Exit.

Beauf. What a ſilent Meſſage, and no an anſwer to be given? *(Reads.*

Your name has betray'd both you and me——for by that means I am married to the wrong perſon. Seek not to infringe the Marriage vow, ſince 'tis too late. And I charge ye, never diſturb my evenings Walk. The backſide of the Bowling-green—— *(Olivia.*

The

The Devil; What, marry'd to another, and in my name? 'Tis plain now I have been undermin'd, and here's the foundation of all miſtakes—'Sdeath, I'll challenge the Raſcal inſtantly. But hold, that will ruine all, for then except I kill him, I ſhall never have the priviledge of ſeeing her. No —— to Cuckold him: There's the revenge. Gad, I have a fair invitation here, and I hope 'twill ſucceed,

Since he my Miſtriſs got by fraud; By heav'n
I'll get his Wife by Fraud, and then w'are even. (*Exit*

ACT. II.

SCENE, *Lady* Beardly's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Frollick, *and* Iſabella.

Iſab. NAy, prithee dear go in with me, my Lady *Beardly* will take it ill that you ſhould come juſt to the Door, and then away without ſeeing her.

Sir Froll. Sweet Heart——my Buſineſs is too weighty to be controul'd by your advice. Go get ye in——I'll ſtep over to the Coffee-houſe to drink a Diſh of *Tea*, and read the Votes, And then tell her, my Nephew, Sir *Lubberly*, and I, will wait on her; Get you gone, I ſay, farewell——

Iſab. To read the Votes a very pretty Employment. Well, I will not raile much at thee, nor vex my ſelf; but, this I'll ſay, he that leaves his Wife when ſhe deſires his Company, to read the Votes, deſerves to be Voted a Cuckold as long as he lives, did the news never ſo nearly concern him——

Enter Beauford *and* Brainworm.

Beauf. Hah! Say'ſt thou ſo? gad, this muſt be a Woman of Judgment by that ſentence; Sirrah, thou ſhalt ſee me board her.

Brain. What, in your Aunts houſe; and, the firſt thing you do? 'sbud, Sir, you ruine your ſelf.

Beauf. Hah——this damn'd Rogue goes alwayes about to hinder my fortune Sirrah, I'll tell thee I'll do't. What a pox thou ſhalt ſee me fetch her about Immediately.

Brain. Sir

Brain. Sir, tho' I am ſenſible you do not value a beating, yet, by your favour, I do: It does not agree with my Conſtitution, and therefore I ſhall make an honourable retreat——

Beauf. I vow to gad, Madam, there was ſo much wit and reaſon in what you ſaid, that it was impoſſible for me but to be of your opinion; and, if you would take my advice, Madam——

Brain. She ſhould Cuckold her Husband the firſt thing ſhe did.

Iſab. Oh heaven's, *Beauford!*

Beauf. What, my dear ſweet charming *Iſabella* — Is it you? a thouſand thanks to Fortune for this incounter: What a dull Rogue was I not to know thee ſooner? for, Who but ſhe could have ſpoken ſo much Wit and Reaſon in one ſentence?

Iſab. I was no doubt inſpir'd, by having you ſo near me; but, you'd ſay, I have ſome reaſon for my ſentence, if you knew all ——

Beauf. Knew all——Why faith 'tis a little unreaſonable, that I that have known all ſo often, ſhould now know but a part. Come, be free with me——Prithee what is't?

Brainw. Hah! Why, what ſo familiar already? 'sbud he has fetcht her about indeed——Well—go thy wayes Bully, thou haſt a very dextrous way at it, I'll ſay that for thee.

Iſab. Why then to thy Continual Torment be it ſpoken, know thou miſerable Creature, that I am Marry'd, and have been ſo almoſt theſe two years.

Beauf. The Devil thou haſt. 'sdeath! What a Thunder-clap was that? Marry'd——

Iſabell. Marry'd, Wedded; nay, (and what's worſe, and what I fear, will eternally torture thee,) I have, like an imprudent Creature as I was, ſtrictly bound my ſelf to the Tyrant Con cience, utterl to forſake all wild Company, Knit Night-Caps for my Husband, and live honeſtly——

Beauf. How! honeſt too! nay then farewell—— Oh fleeting World! but, I hope, thou art in jeſt, my dear, for all this.

(*Falls down and counterfeits.*

Iſabell. 'Tis too true, Sir.
The Fates have ſo decreed it. But, however, one ſpark of Comfort ſhall be yours, leaſt you deſpair; Therefore know, tho I am Married, my Husband is old—

Beauf. Old——oh! that's ſome amends however. (*Riſes up.*

Brainw. Oh! is that ſome amends——ha, ha, ha!—— here are more Hornes a making; for, I never knew his eyes twinckle ſo in a morning, but ſome body or other was a Cuckold before night.

Iſab. Ha, ha, ha!——well, Sir, now I have a little reviv'd your drooping ſpirits——I muſt take the priviledge of departing —— I have a viſit to make to my Lady *Beardly*; beſides, 'tis not for my Credit to be ſeen with ſuch a young wild fellow—for, Who knows what people will think—— *Beauf.*

Beauf. No more than they have occaſion to think I dare anſwer for 'em——but, Madam, you will not be ſo inhumane, to go away without giving me leaſure to expreſs my ſelf a little; 'tis juſt like giving a Man a ſtrong Cordial to fetch him to a minutes life, that afterwards he may die in more torture.

Iſabell. If Life were concern'd, Sir, perhaps I might be more merciful; but, yours is but a kind of Mungrel Epilepſie, a Politick Fit, Sir——and you Gallants uſe it, as Beggars do counterfeit Scars, only to procure pitty, which having, you laugh at us. Wou'd there was order taken that you might be whipt for every ſuch offence.

Brainw. How, whipt! 'sbud, I hope 'tis not come to that; come, good Sir, come away.

Beauf. Peace, Raſcal——but, Madam, do but hear me a little.

Iſabell. Not a word, Sir; the times are alter'd: and, heaven forgive us what is paſt: it ſhall be my endeavor to procure it.

Brainw. Amen—— well, I am glad 'tis no worſe——this ſhows the woman has ſome Religion in her however.

Iſabell. To which purpoſe I will go every morning to the Chappel, and deſire, in my Devotions, to be free from impertinent lew'd Company: and then return home, and, like a true Wife, ſpend all the reſt of the day in my Melancholy Appartment, and my Nights in the Bed of Honor. (*Exit, ſmiling on* Beauford.

Beauf. To the Chappel——very well; I underſtand ye faith——the Devil's in't if I do not thrive at this rate——this is the ſecond Aſſignation I have made within this hour, and luckily with my two quondam Miſtriſſes that I was in queſt of——*Olivia* I had deſign'd to profit by, but, it ſeems, I have been undermin'd by treachery; but, Sirrah, this laſt was mine for pleaſure——who now is alſo Married, and, no doubt, a great comfort to her Husband.

Brain. A very great Comfort——a Whore is a very great Comfort to her husband without doubt.

Beauf. Sirrah, no bug words, there was no Whoredom in the Caſe; no, faith, I'll ſay that for her, ſhe never took a penny of Money.

Brainw. Oh, oh; then 'tis another caſe if ſhe took no money: 'tis impoſſible ſhe ſhould be a Whore, if ſhe took no Money; ha, ha——

Beauf. Ay, Raſcal, 'tis unreaſonable that terme ſhould be given her: but, a pox, I have forgot one material thing, to know her Husbands Name; but, no matter, I ſhall know all when I meet her in the Chappel to morrow. I am reſolv'd to venture thither, though I am afraid the Dogs will bark me out again; and, by that means, let the Congregation know, how much I am a ſtranger to the place.

Brainw. Sir, the truth is, I ever thought your Religion, and the Courage of a Town-Bully, were very like; for, you care no more for the Church, without the deſign of making an Intrigue there, then he cares to fight with a reſolute Fellow, when he has the convenience of running away from him.

Beauf. Very

Beauford. Very well; but, What the Devil makes my old Lady Aunt so long a coming? I believe she has taken Phisick to day.

Brainworm. Phisick? Why, Has she been given to that, and alive still?

Beauford. Face--Phisick, I mean, Sirrah: *Fucus, white Mercury,* Fat of Eeles, and *Jews Tincture*, with which she does so mortifie deformity, that her Face in a morning looks like an old Wall new plaister'd; her head is unthatch't, like an old Parsonage, thirteen hairs on one side, and three on t'other, and her eyes like lights at the last snuff: her Chin was long since befriended with a *China* Beard of comely thickness, but, t'has been so unmercifully us'd with her Pincers, that instead of one dimple, she has made forty: Natures hand shook when she was making, for the white of her skin fell into her eyes, the gray of her eyes into her hair, and the red of her Cheeks upon her Nose.

Brainworm. A very beautiful Creature in good faith.

Beauford. Then she is the most Amorous Sibill, that ever spoke waggish Prophesy; entertains all the young Fops in the Town, and to end all, has that unnatural —— impudence to think some of 'em are in love with her. Pox on her, were I not to have Money of her, I'de ride the wooden Horse e're be troubled with her impertinence.

A Chair set on. *Enter Lady* Beardly, Tisick, Page, *holding up* Beardly's *Train.*

L. Beardly. Dear Coz —— wellcome to *England*, I protest I am as glad to see you as if you were my own Son, born of my own body —— thanks good Coz in troth —— you kiss comfortably — and pray let me return it —— very good in truth, come, you are my own flesh and blood, therefore this is no indecency.

Brainworm. If one of her teeth had dropt into his mouth, that would have been a small indecency I'me sure.

Beauford. None, none Madam, you do me a great honour.

L. Beardly. Why you are grown a handsome Man, in troth, Coz —— tall, well-set, and strait-limb'd, your leg too very well— come, I say little, but I have known the time when a good leg has been no detestable object.

Beauford. Mine is but indifferent —— but I am glad your Ladiship likes it.

L. Beardly. In good faith 'tis well, very well— and good Coz: how does my Brother do? I warrant he's grown an old grave Man by this time. Heaven bless us, I have not seen him this many a year. *Tisick*, reach me the great Elbow Chair.

Beauford. Hearty, hearty, but much troubled with the gout.

L. Beard.

L. Beard. Alack-a-day, Is he so?——well, he has been a Wagg in his days —— lord bless us! I vow he has lov'd a Wench better then a Psalm-book, Coz: that he has o' my word.

Beauf. Not unlikely, Madam, but I never heard he kept any.

L. Beardly. Did ye not? well, that's all one if he did, 'twas privately with discretion, and not like our Gimcracks now-adayes; yes, yes, he had a little itching that way, but, in troth, as godly a Religious Conscientious Man every one knows.

Beauf. Faith, I alwayes held him so: but, Madam, I think Nature intends to renew your Lease of Life for ever; methinks you look younger than you did when I saw you last.

L. Beard. Tisick! give me my Glass — Why truly I think I am not Contemptible for one of my age. This face, with a little setting out may serve.

Beauf. To fright Children into Convulsions—Pray how do your Ladiships Teeth hold out Madam?

L. Beard. Oh Cozen! there you strike me! nor can I without Teares Remember my affliction, my mouth is almost desolate, Sir—— I have but five and a stump—— (*Weeps.*

Beauf. But five—faith, time has been a little Cruel—but, Madam, you have this Comfort, your Gums will last Cawdle-proofe a long time.

L. Beard. Small Comfort, alas, the Marks gone, the Marks gone; 'tis this that ruines the Designes of all Ladies of my age: We can make shift to hide our hair, and our Aches, and our Wrinckles line; But come to your Business, Coz. I warrant you want Mony.

Beauf. A little, I confess, for the finishing a Design I have, Madam--50 Guinnies wou'd do my Business.

L. Beard. 50 Guinnies—— Well, you shall not want 50 Guinnies to further any good design. *Tisick*, go fetch me the Green Purse in my Cabinet—*Ex. Tisick.* What a Mistris I warrant. Come, discover, it may be I may find 50 more if I like it.

Beauf. D'ee hear that Sirrah? we shall rowle in Money—— why then to be free with ye Madam —'Tis about a Mistris —— There is a Lady here in *Chelsey*, one *Olivia*.

L. Beard. Well—There is so — What of her?

Beauf. She was formerly my Mistris: but, since my last Misfortune, was got from me by Treachery. However, I believe I might be receiv'd still, and if I had this Money to set my self out —

L. Beard. —You could Cuckold her Husband, cou'd you, *what and must*——I'll be your Bawd about this Business —— and to *Olivia* too my Kinswoman, a near Neighbour————In the name of Vertue! This is a very fine design indeed, must I be your Bawd—No Sir, no; I'll put a stop to this presently— you shall have no Catterwawling Mony of me I assure you—if you'll be content

with the allowance your Father left you—ſo—if not—I have no Catterwawling Money for ye, and ſo your ſervant—ods-heartlikins, muſt I be your Bawd—— (*Exit.*

Brainw. Hark ye Sir——Pray do me the favour to change me a Teſter, I know you rowle in Money——

Beauf. Damn'd Rogue, muſt you play upon my misfortune too. Well, I ſee my damn'd Luck is coming to torment me agen——Death that I ſhould be ſuch a Fool to tell her name! and *Olivia*, who, whatever ſhe really is, was alwayes accompted vertuous—— pox on't——Well, I muſt be very impudent——deny, I meant her, and ſo bring it about as well as I can—— hah—— here comes Sir *Frollick Whimſy*—I'll try him——

Enter Sir Frollick.

Sir Froll. Mr. *Beauford*, your Servant—I have been mediating for you within, but my Lady is very angry; pray, What was the matter? What Lady is that he ſpeaks of?

Beauf. Ah Sir! onely a ſmall Miſtake: My asking for Mony was the Cauſe of her anger, if the Truth were known. But, ſhe ſhall find I value as little to receive her kindneſs, as ſhe does to pay e'm: And, Sir *Frollick*, ſince 'tis my good fortune to meet you ſo opportunely, I will preſume to requeſt the favour of you that ſhe has deny'd; onely to lend me 50 Guinnies—for a Deſign I have Sir—you ſhall have what ſecurity you pleaſe.

Sir Froll. Sir, the word of a Gentleman is to me ſufficient ſecurity. I think I have the ſum about me, and it ſhall be the ſooner yours—becauſe you ſay it is upon Deſign. Pray, What Lady is it—I did love an Intrigue my ſelf when I was young—— a Cock of the Game I—— but now by heaven I can do nothing—— No earthly thing upon my Faith; but come, diſcover, good Mr. *Beauford*—— (*Speaks this as he is teling the Money.*

Brain. My fit of ſraking is come upon me agen—— here's more Miſchief hatching—— good Sir——have a care, this may be a trick.

Beauf. Sirra——in ſtead of *Olivia*, I'll tell him of *Iſabella*——gad, I'll be cunning enough this time——I warrant thee, Sir *Frollick*, I am ſo well ſatisfy'd with your wiſdom, and ſecreſy, that I can hide nothing from you. Therefore know, Sir, that this Lady my Aunt ſpoke of has been my intimate acquaintance a great while——

Sir Froll. Very well Sir—a ſingle or a married Woman I beſeech you?

Beauf. By good Fortune marry'd Sir—ſince my laſt voyage, which is ſo much the better for my deſign; for you know, a Husband is the moſt neceſſary thing imaginable in ſuch a caſe; it makes the pleaſure greater

greater by the safety, and the sin more sweet, by being the less easie to be discover'd——

Sir Froll. It does so introth, it does so; but, her name, good Mr. *Beauford*, her name?

Beauf. Faith, Sir *Frollick*, to tell her Name is not so like a Man of Honor—— but, you are so obliging, that I can keep nothing from you; and, though 'tis true we have been very intimate, very exceeding intimate—— yet I presume to tell you——my dear Friend, will no way be a blemish to her reputation——Therefore, know Sir——she is call'd by the Name of the Incomparable *Isabella*——

Sir Froll. What, Sir——Pray that agen!

Beauf. Isabella, Sir.

Sir Froll. The Devil — what, my Wife—give me patience—give me patience.

Beauf. Now, Sir——the Devil's in't, I am utterly unacquainted with the old Cuckold her Husband, and am damnably afraid of betraying my self to him——

Sir Froll. Ah—no fear of that Sir—I warrant he's a very dull Rascally Fellow—hah——

Beauf. Dull—why she sayes her self, she believes he has not been a Man this 20 years.

Sir Froll. O give me patience— (*aside.*

Beauf. But, no matter, she revenges her self some way or other, for, if I am not very much mistaken, she's with Child now.

Sir Froll. With Child—By the pleasure of generation I lay not with her these ten Moneths—O give me patience! (*aside.*

Beauf. Now, Sir, as good fortune would have it, meeting her here just now accidentally——she appointed an Assignation with me to morrow Morning in the Chappel—

Sir Froll. In the Chappel!

Beauf. Ay, Sir——ha, ha—— Is it not a witty Rogue? and this Money that you are pleas'd to lend me, is to Treat her, with a little at first, you know 'tis but civil, for in a little time I expect three times that sum from her; and, to morrow the business is to be concluded: for, there we are to plot how to meet undiscover'd by that Jealous, Crazy, Feeble, Impotent Cuckold her Husband—— ha, ha, ha——

Sir Froll. Oh the Devil! this is most insufferable—but by *Hercules*—— I'll be so reveng'd—In the first place let me tell you——that you are the Son of a Whore: in the second place, you shall have not a penny of Money——and thirdly, I am resolv'd to have instant satisfaction.

Beauf. Satisfaction, For what, Sir?—— I hope you have no concern with this Lady—she's no Relation of yours.

Sir Froll. No—no—onely my Wife, Sir, that's all—

Beauf. His Wife! gad I have made a fine business on't.

Brain. His Wife? O Lord!

Sir Froll. Give me patience: Does Sir *Frollick Whimsey* live to be thus abus'd! no, the Sword shall right me—the Sword shall plead my Cause—the feeble impotent Cuckold shall make a feeble impotent Coxcomb of you: Expect it. As for her part I'll spoil her Chappel-meeting. This is her going to Prayers—By this light she shall pray no more I am resolv'd on't—and, for you, Sir, I'll be with you instantly. (*Exit.*

Brainw. Now does he look like one that's just apprehended for stealing sheep. 'Tis well Fornication is no Felony, if 'twere, o'my Conscience that Countenance wou'd go near to hang him—

Beauf. Had ever Man such Fortune! such Crowds, such Degrees of damn'd Chance—gad, I believe the Devil is grown Conscientious, and makes me spoil all my Designs, out of a meer Principle of Kindness—if he had let me had the Money, perhaps I might ha' been contented—but now, in spite of him, I'll go on—I'll weary him at his own Weapon Malice. I'll instantly go and meet *Olivia* in her Walk the back-side of the Bowling-Green, Then make my peace with *Isabella* by a Letter, and so proceed as occasion serves. Come, Sirrah, you might have hinder'd this if you had not been a dull Rogue—but, come your wayes with a Pox to yee—

Brainw. Ay, come—with all my heart—s bud, I am in a cold sweat. (*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir Frollick, *his Sword drawn*, Sir Lubberly *following.*

Sir Froll. Come, Sir, come on Sir—sa, sa—Why where are yee? Why don't you appear? Sa, sa

Sir Lub. W. What a Devil—What's here? my old Uncle Fencing with his own shadow—ha, ha—was there ever such a Coxcomb? D'ee hear, Uncle; Don't kill him, 'twill be Murder—Unckle; ha, ha, don't kill him—

Sir Froll. Where the Devil is this Rogue now?

Sir Lub. W. Rogue, why hang'd—hang'd—Uncle, hang'd last Sessions: But come, if you have a mind to breath your self turn to me—Come, your point—your guard—Come, you shall see what I can do.

Sir Froll. What you can do?

Sir Lub. W. Ay, what I can do. What a Pox d'ee think I can do nothing? sa, sa. There was in your Guts Uncle.

Sir Froll. And there I was on your pate, Sir—(*Strikes him.*

Sir L. Widg. My pate, Sir?

Sir Frol. Ay, Sir, on your Back and Shoulders, Sir—(*beats him about.*

Sir L. Widg. Back and Shoulders, Sir?

Sir Frol. And will be all over ye instantly, give me patience. This is fine—What you are his Second are ye? I'll Second ye.

Sir L. Widg.

Sir L. Widg. What Second, I'll have you know, I am Firſt and Second too Sir, if you go to that —what a Devil ails him? why Uncle you ſhoud not ſtrike mun, you ſhou'd puſh and puſh, and then go back, and puſh agen; what a pox you lay on as if you were Thraſhing.

Sir Frol. Thank your ſelf then, for interrupting a man when you ſee he's in paſſion—

Sir Lub. Ay, a man had need be in paſſion indeed, that fights with his own ſhadow——ha ha ha!

Sir Frol. The Raſcal is got away— but I'll be reveng'd of him, if he be above ground—and you there Medly of Clown and Fool; What I warrant you, you have left my Lady alone now?

Sir L. Widg. No but I han't—The Monkey is with her—I left 'em both mumbling of Cheſnuts in the great Parlor.

Sir Frol. Did you ſo, incorrigible Dunce?

Sir Lub. Look now—you are the ſtrangeſt man—what a Devil wou'd you have me do? ſhe can talk of nothing but of White-waſhing and Painting — and can talk of nothing but *St. George* and the Seven Champions; and what a pox, what diſcourſe ſhall we have?

Sir Frol. Diſcourſe — Sir, ſhe expects none—Do not vex me; Conſent to marry this Widow, and go about it inſtantly, or look for no favour from me.

Sir L. Widg. Why, what a damn'd unreaſonable thing is this? now that a man muſt be forc'd to marry a Witch *Volens nolens*, whether he will or no—pox, I'll hang my ſelf rather, I'll never—nay a wither'd old Witch—a Bawd too it may be.

Sir Frol. No matter if ſhe be; ſhe has the more experience, and though her Face is homely, her Bags Sir are comely; her 1000 *l.* a year is beautiful - Come, I'll have no more delay—either go and addreſs, ſtick cloſe to her, and quickly too, or I'll make a better proffit of my guardſhip then you expect, and ſo I leave you to conſideration ——

Sir L. Widg. Stick cloſe to an old Woman! what an unnatural fool is this——well, this is ever the fate of us young Heirs: let our Fathers, leave us never ſo much, either by our jilting Wenches, unconſcionable Tailors, or cheating Guardians; gad we ſeldom come to poſſeſſion. If I do marry this old Gipſey now—I ſhall be a wretch-Rogue, and if I do not marry her, I ſhall be a poor Rogue. Let me ſee this old, and crooked, and monſtrous ugly—but then ſhe has Gold that's young, and pretty, and ſurprizing—but then agen, ſhe has a Tongue will make a man deaf, a Breath that will blaſt him, and 1000 imperfections more, and that's the Devil——but then agen, ſhe has 1000 *l.* a year, and that's good—but then a pox, ſhe has Rubies in her face, which ſhows ſhe drinks Brandy intolerably—but then agen, ſhe has a fine Ruby in her Cabinet that drinks none; but then agen, ſhe's craggy and tough, and can never be a good Bed-fellow; but then agen, I may keep a Wench that can——ha

ha.

ha ha! I vow that last thought has refresh'd me extreamly—And dear Money, most pow'rful Riches, thou hast overcome me; for thy sake this Hagg shall be Courted—for thy sake will I pass this dangerous Rubicon, and for thy sake, call this decrepid, antiquated Megera, the blooming Miracle of Nature—— (*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Beverley *and* Jenny Wheadle.

Bever. By heaven 'tis true; the Rascal fac'd me down, that his man gave me the Ring this morning, and also gave my man his Watch, when neither he nor I saw either of 'em.

Jen. Wh. This must be some strange mistake sure——

Bever. Mistake her not, if he had staid a little longer, I had paid him in other coin than he expected; as for your part, I may chance to get another for ye—I mean, if my humor hold, and you appear as pleasing to me the next time I see you, as ye do now.

Jen. Wh. I imagin'd some great uncertainty would attend, If you were to promise any thing; and the pride you have in thinking ye can judge of Beauty, is always far beyond your good Nature, in bearing with its defects, for you'll be sure to be eager in condemning a Woman, if she does not look well, but are very slow in commending her if she does——

Bever. No 'faith—I always speak my thoughts freely, 'tis true, I would not willingly have my applause bestow'd on ill subjects; but you I'm sure have no reason to resent it, for I have always been favourable to you——

J. Whead. You never rail'd at me in your life I warrant.

Bever. Never but when I was drunk, and then gad if't had been Treason 'twere all one.

J. Whead. Then since you see the plague and inconvenience of that odious crime, why will you not desert it, why will you venture to drink agen?

Bever. A pretty question faith, prethee ask a big-belly'd woman that scap'd death narrowly the birth of her last Child, why she would venture agen: why I tell thee 'tis as natural to us as to thee, Lying, Drunkenness is the Souls Carnaval, where the noble Essence has liberty to range and divert it self, uncontroul'd by the severe Rules of Wisdom, Nature, Religion, or Honesty: why would I drink agen, there's a question indeed?

J. Whead. I wish you could leave it off for all that—but now to our Love affair—be sure to come in disguise, when next you visit me; for I have often observed a fellow prying up and down near my window, and guess he's a spy that your Wife has hired to watch us.

Bever.

Bever. I believe no leſs, and will therefore follow thy directions,—How now ?

Enter Amble.

Amble. Sir, my Lady is come back agen I believe, ſuſpecting ſomething, and is juſt coming into the chamber—— (*Treading.* hark you may hear her.

Bever. The Devil is in her, ſirrah ! run out and hold her in diſcourſe a little — Come Madam, ſtep into my ſtudy here, and be ſure make no noiſe, in in—quickly—— (*Shuts her in.*

Enter Olivia.

Oliv. A ſaucy Groom—what—ſtop my paſſage——but I am apt to believe it was done by Order. What Sir, are you frighted at my preſence, you make ſuch a fumbling about the Lock——pray, if I may preſume ſo far, let me know who it is you have ſhut in there—That you take ſuch care to conceal——

Bever. Why a young baſhful fellow, a ſtudent of my acquaintance, that is gone in to read a little.

Oliv. But to be lock'd in, by your favour, is a little odd, pray what's his reaſon for that——

Bever. Melancholy Madam, he's much given to melancholy, beſides he deſir'd that he might not ſee you.

Oliv. Not ſee me !

Bever. Ay——he ſays he's ready to ſwound if he ſees any Woman after dinner——and for my part, you know I cou'd do no leſs than grant his requeſt.

Oliv. Not ſee a Woman——— he ſhould have little of a Student in him by that——but doubtleſs this is ſome dull flegmatick countrey Clod, whoſe hard fiſted Father, thriftily getting about 200 *l. per annum*, in hopes to make his ſucceſſors Gentlemen, has plac'd this ſtripling in the Inns of Court, where he has learnt to ſwear modiſhly, ſcrape a ſcurvy Leſſon or two on the Violin——wear tawdry Clothes, kiſs his Laundreſs——but never pay her——rail at every thing, and underſtand nothing——

Bever. Gad ye are very free methinks Madam, with a perſon you don't know——but let me tell you (think what you pleaſe) the perſon within inclos'd, is a very ingenious perſon, ay, and a very handſome perſon, and though at this time, a Melancholly, Philoſophical perſon——yet a perſon that is generally as good company, as any perſon in Chriſtendom——gad I'll ſay that for her.

Oliv. For her——what then, this is a ſhe-Student all this while.—What her Sir ? what her ?

Bever.

Bever. Her——why him or her——'Tis all one—what a pox, any man may mistake a word ——Confound it, I have spoil'd all——.

Oliv. Come Sir, your Artifice is too weak, now the discovery is so plain, and I am resolv'd to see this Philosophical Gentleman e're he goes to secure all ——Let me peep in, and if there be a man——

Bever. If there be, why what a Devil dost think I'd tell a lye? on my honor 'tis a man, a dull poring Melancholly Rogue; a Fellow-Commoner.

Oliv. Base man——now I am too sensible of your lewdness and ingratitude, and be confident I'll be reveng'd at full—for from this moment, the duty of a Wife, and the reserved behaviour incident to that name, shall be as far from me, as Constancy from thee. Now by yon Sky it shall, I have sworn it.

Bever. So—I thought 'twould come to this. Well Madam, since you have discovered the business, recall your patience, and wink at it. 'Tis my first offence, and who knows, if you shew good Nature now, but it may work upon me——.

Oliv. Wink at it——What be your Bawd my self! oh Confusion! have I been bred with such Integrity, taught Virtue from my Cradle, practis'd it, supply'd the office of a Wife with credit, and ne'r did action that could taint my Innocence—have I been this, to be at last a Pandress——What, catch my Husband with a whore, and wink at it?

Bever. S'death! Cease your noise, or by heav'n I shall grow angry.

Oliv. No—from this moment I'll be free as Air; let my self loose to gaiety and pleasure, wanton and wild as *Mercenary Creatures*—I will Sir, and to give you some reason to believe it, know that there is a Gentleman, one *Beauford*, (a name you are acquainted with) newly return'd from Travel, one who has lov'd me.

Bever. The devil! *Beauford* return'd? and you intend Madam to invite him hither, that he and I may be good company together——hah——

Oliv. Not for your company Sir—whilst I have a Closset in my Apartment to entertain him in; And if he is not as glad to learn Philosophy of my teaching, as your Female Student within there is of yours, the Devil's in't.

Bever. Is it possible that I can be patient, and hear this Madam? do not presume too much upon my temper; for assure your self, since you have thus far provok'd me; your Insolence has taken away all guilt on my part, for what ever priviledge I take, I am sure you plead by a contrary Charter, and must own bondage.

Oliv. Bondage——I laugh at it——no Sir, you cancell'd your right in that, when you broke your Marriage vow, and let those frozen fools own it, whose souls are too narrow and spiritless to revenge their injuries, mine shall be free as thought: I'll plot the

manner

manner instantly, and my proceedings shall to after ages, prove a Law for all wrong'd Wives to plague their Husbands with. ——

(Jenny *reads.*

Bever. Excellent! Is there a greater fury than a virtuous Wife? no, not in Hell, I am confirm'd in't.

Oliv. But why is this Peerless Creature obscur'd all this while? this compound of Impudence, Lust, and sophisticated Beauty, flatter'd by the Devil's Pencil, to please ye for an hour, and created by him to abuse ye for an age. What dare you not let me see her?

Bever. Yes; gad thou shalt see her, if it be but only to vex thee—— Come forth my Love——fear nothing, I'll protect thee.

Enter Jenny Wheadle.

J. Whead. Oh let me not come out——she'll kill me!

Bev. By all that's good, who hurts a finger of thee, had better ne'r been born: now look your fill Madam——and when you have done looking, know I love her.

Oliv. Oh that we were alone! thou wretch! } *Runs at* Jenny, *she*
J. Whead. Oh save me! save me! } *runs behind* Bever.

Oliv. Death and destruction, he kisses her——who's within there? Mr. *Amble* ——

Enter Amble.

Amble. Here Madam.

Oliv. Mr. *Amble* come hither, I ask you pardon for my late passion——I have observ'd you long, and have believ'd your merits far above your fortune——pray come hither, nearer yet——here is a Ring I love, I freely give it you; start not, but take it—— (*Takes hold of him.*

Bever. How now sirrah; whence springs this Impudence?

Amble. I beseech you Madam—— Oh Lord Sir, I cannot help it.

Oliv. What a Coward——flinch! come nearer I command ye, there's my hand, kiss it.

Amble. Oh Lord Madam—— (*Trembles, and looks on* Beverly.

Bev. Sirrah——be gon, or I'll run my sword in your Guts.

Oliv. Stay, or I'll cut your Throat——Kiss it I say——

Amble. Oh I beseech you Madam!

Bev. Dog, still here?

Amble. Oh I am gone Sir, I am gone—— (*Runs out,*

Bever. Very well Madam, I see you can find ways to divert yourself, without troubling your Modesty——in which pleasant humour I'll leave you to your Coachman, if you please, and part from you with as little regret or concern, as I would from the Orange-wench in the Play-house——Come my dear, come—— *Exit* Bev. *and* J. Whea.

Oliv. Well Sir, and I am resolv'd to be reveng'd on thee; and tho

my Virtue will not let me do it the right way, yet I'll make thee as jealous as if I did. *Beauford* ſhall be the man, I ſhall find him in the Walk—nor can I doubt my wit upon ſo fit an occaſion.

Husbands ſuch niggards of their Love are grown,
That the poor Wife that ſhould have all, has none.
But pining ſits, with her allowance ſmall,
Whilſt rampant Miſſes get the Devil and all.

ACT III.

SCENE *Chelſey.*

Enter Beauford *and* Brainworm.

Beau. THat row of Trees I remember. Yonder's the Bowling-green, Come ſirrah. This is the place.

Brain. Where 'tis ten to one, but we ſhall be well cudgell'd, and ſo return home agen, like fools as we came.

Beauf. Cudgell'd! why you cowardly Raſcal; who ſhould cudgel us?

Brain. Who? why Piccaroons Sir—Land-Pirats, that are doubtleſs looking for Prize, as well as you.

Beauf. Sirrah— thou art a cold ſpiritleſs Raſcal, and only ſwaid by the motions of thy fear: but theſe are Trifles to men of wit and courage, pray— how came ye off with your laſt buſineſs, did you deliver my Letter to *Iſabella*?

Brainw. Ay there's another—I had like to have made a hopeful journey of that too. Yes Sir, I deliver'd it.

Beauf. Well——and what ſaid ſhe?

Brainw. Why, after ſhe had ſnatch'd the Letter from me—ſhe calls to her Footmen to go and whip that impudent Raſcal that came to trouble her, where had not my legs been my beſt friends—I had been ty'd to a poſt and ſlaſh'd as god ſa' me.

Beauf. Ha ha—I find this was her cunning, her Husband was upon the ſcent—but ſee who comes yonder—ha, it muſt be *Olivia*; oh the charming Rogue how ſhe ſhines—ſirrah not a word now in contradiction, I charge ye—for tho I am a little unlucky ſometimes, according as the wind ſits, yet for making a Court to a Lady, I defie all *Europe*, gad go go, your diſtance—

Brain. I think there are no men with her, that's one comfort.

Enter

Enter Olivia *and* Lidia.

Lidia. I see he has pick'd the meaning out of your Letters——

Oliv. 'Tis he; Now would I give 20 Guineys, my Husband were by to hear the harangue betwixt us.

Lidia. So would not I, for this object would so nettle his jealousie, there would be no enduring him——I vow methinks, he's a very handsome person, and I believe of a good Conscience.

Oliv. A right Town-Gallant Madam, if those are your conscientious persons, and one that wou'd as soon address to your Ladyship, if he knew the advantages he should get by it, as any one in Christendom. Prethee observe his demure countenance——I see Sir, you will take no warning; you will venture a great deal of my anger, to enjoy a little of my company.

Beauf. No Madam, 'twas rather that I might enjoy a great deal of your company for a little of your anger——Ah! did you know the languishments, and heart-breakings I have suffer'd for you——well, 'tis gone and past——and heaven forgive you.

Brainw. Ay and you too——ha ho——heart-breakings quotha!

Oliv. 'Tis as destiny pleases to order Sir. But methinks the Beauties of *Paris*, and the success that always attended your endeavours, should banish these resentments from you: I know the little Love you had for me has been dead long since——

Beauf. Why the Devil take me Madam, if you are not the only person I adore, and hourly die for.

Brain. S'bud! every one he has met these six months, has been that only person to my knowledge——

Oliv. You have deserv'd better I confess——but Sir, in this age, Merit like Wit, is never paid the applause due to it, till the owner be past receiving——For my own part, I am as comfortless as you, and as destitute of a Remedy; for my Husband is grown the unkindest man in the World to me.

Beauf. Ah damn 'em Madam, they are all so now-a-days——

Oliv. He keeps a Wench under my Nose; nay, is not so contented, but he lets me see her, and courts her before my face——pray give me your advice now Sir; is it not reason that I should be reveng'd of him for this?

Beauf. Reason! ay——gad, the profoundest Philosophy in the world, has not halfe so much reason in't——

Oliv. I knew it must. See now, what an extraordinary blessing a man of judgement is! had you not assur'd me this, I vow I should have been fearful how to proceed.

Beauf. Ah, Madam! would you but take my advice, you should find one Kind humble servant of more worth than Twenty restly peevish Husbands——a Husband, Madam, is the meer Bank-rupt of

Love; he scores for all he has without ever being able to repay a penny——but, a vigorous Lover still brings ready Money— here's this for that, without fraud or design —— And, gad, a plain-Dealer in Love is as necessary as in Merchandize, there ought to be no goods delivered out without a just Exchange to the full value——

Oliv. Well, I see you are owner of so much Wit and Reason, that I am resolv'd to discover my Design to you——And also to desire your assistance——

Beauf. Assistance——so—D'ee hear that Sirra. (*to* Brain.

Oliv. For, since no fair means, entreaty——nor Love, can make my Husband leave his lewd Courses, I am resolv'd to see what Jealousie can do, to which purpose you shall be my Gallant; Address to me; Court me; Sing---Cringe---Bow---Swear, and be very Modishly foppish before all Company, which gallantry I will receive with as ridiculous an affected behaviour, as a Mail-Lady——an overture with Mr. Such-a-one, after a Midnight Assignation with my Lord----

Beauf. Ha, ha, ha—— very well—— I vow to gad, Madam, very well.

Brain. Ay, ay—she's your own, Sir——She's your own—

Oliv. But see the Sun declines——I must be gone, have a little patience, Sir; and, if you think your time well employ'd, be here about an hour hence; perhaps there may a Messenger come that may guide you to a place where we may discourse further; but, for the present, let me entreat you to be gone, here's company coming.

Beauf. Your humble Servant, Madam—I'll be as punctual as the minutes—Come, Sirra— (*Ex.* Beauf. *and* Brain.

Oliv. It would be now a doubtful question, whether any Woman, but I, would not make use of this opportunity; he, I find, Imagines the business half done already; and, there are some of my sex that I believe would think it great pitty, that troublesome Vertue shou'd dash a Man's hopes that means so well, and is so willing to revenge their Injuries. Heaven! of what corrupted Natures are these Men, especially when they come to be Husbands: But mine is sure the worst of all; There's nothing can reclaim him. However, he shall not think I resent it, for, in appearance, I'll be as careless and as wild as he——I've a Plot upon his Mistress too——'Tis here well forg'd, I am sure, and, I hope, will prove lucky—— (*Exit.*

Enter Sir Lubberly *and* Boy.

Sir Froll. Well, Sir; Have you consider'd on my Imposition? Have you fixt your resolution to Court this Widdow——

Sir. L. Widg. I have; I have consider'd her as the very seething pot of Iniquity, and my self the Ladle of Discretion, ordain'd to coole her when she boileth over.

Sir Froll.

Sir Froll. But will you Marry her?

Sir Lubb. Marry her —— a pox o'that word, I never hear it, but it gives me the Griping of the Guts—Could you not have nam'd any thing elſe——I'll lye with her, and that's all one.

Sir Froll. No, no, Sir; there muſt be marriage in the Caſe—

Sir Lub. Well——the Devil take her, I will Marry her then; I will do't in ſpight of her intollerable Age, and more intollerable qualities; for, to tell you the truth, the Devil and I have been drawing Cuts for this two hours, and the Change has alwayes falne on my ſide.

Sir Froll. Oh you are merry, Sir — I am glad on't, and I aſſure you, Coz, this Conſent of yours pleaſes me well: alaſs—what I do is for thy good, Child——and, let people ſay what they will, the Lady is rather to be admir'd then contemn'd—

Sir Lub. W. I never knew a Witch that was not admir'd; Oh what fine thin hair ſhe has—what a delicate low forehead, what little pretty ferret hollow eyes, and what a tall and ſtately noſe? then ſhe muſt be very harmleſs, becauſe ſhe is toothleſs; then how thrifty muſt ſhe be, that is ſo old? and how virtuous is ſhe like to be, of whom no man can be jealous?

Sir Froll. Right, as gad ſave me. Thy ſentiments of her are right—

Sir Lub. Then there's Counſel and Gravity, and Dullneſs; and then little or no Lechery, which, alaſs, in young ones is too predominant; beſides, that antient Cornuted Philoſopher inſtructs us well—— give me, ſays he, a Pippin that's wither'd like an old Woman, and *à contrario ſequitur Argumentum*, give me a Woman that's wither'd like an old Pippin——

Sir Froll. An excellent Morral 'Faith——for, Sir, I have wrought the Fool finely; for, by this means, wanting heirs to inherit, the Eſtate muſt of neceſſity fall to me——ha, I think here ſhe comes — Come Coz —let us not miſs this opportunity.

Sir Lub. W. 'Sbud——how my heart pants now ——here, Sirrah, take this Book, be ſure to prompt —— when I am out, d'ee hear?

Boy. Yes, Sir.

Enter L. Beardley, Iſabella, Lidia, Tiſſick, *and* Letitia.

Letitia Sings.

Sir Froll. Stay, here's my Wife, and Company with her—— perhaps ſhe may be buſie —— ſtand by, and obſerve a little —— Come, out with it *Lettice* — I like it well——

SCOTCH

SCOTCH SONG.

1.

SAwney *was tall, and of noble Race,*
And lov'd me better then any yen,
But noo he liggs by another Laſſe,
And Sawney *will nere be my Love agen.*
I gave him a fine Scotch Sarke and Band,
I put um on with my awn hand;
I gave him Houſe, and I gave him Land,
Yet Sawney *will ne'ere be my Love agen.*

2.

I rob'd the Groves of all their Store,
And Noſegayes made to give Sawney *yen;*
He kiſt my Breaſt, and fain would do more,
Gude feth methought he was a bonny yen:
He ſqueez'd my Fingers, graſp'd my Knee,
And Carv'd my name on each green Tree;
And ſigh'd and languiſht to ligg by me;
But now he ne'ere will be my Love agen.

3.

My Bongrace, and my Sun-burnt Face
He prais'd; and alſo my Ruſſet Gown;
But now he dotes on the Copper Lace,
Of ſome lew'd Quean of London-*Town.*

He gangs and gives her Curds and Creame,
Whilst I poor Saule sit sighing at heam;
And ne're Joye Sawney *unless in a Dreame;*
For now he ne're will be my Love agen.

L. Beard. Very hot—soultry hot upon my honour ——phoo —my Lady *Whimsey*—— How does your Ladiship resent it? I shall be most horribly tann'd.

Isab. 'Tis warm, Madam.

L. Beard. Oh hot! hot—I am ready to fry — good lack-a-day, how strange is this—— Mrs. *Lidia*—pray feel me! pray feel my pulse——gad forgive me how it beats, I see I must Purge and let Blood

Tissick. Marry does it, like one of five and twenty —I assure your good Ladiship.

L. Beard. My Lady *Whimsey*, Mrs. *Lidia*, pray feel, I protest I never felt the like! Why who would think this of one of my age?

Lidia. 'Tis very strange indeed Madam; so is your Complexion too: For my part I have often wonder'd how it was possible for your Ladiship to preserve your Beauty so long—

L. Beard. Truly, Mrs. *Lidia*, it has been a wonder to many—but art is a rare thing —— you must use art, Mrs. *Lidia*, if you would look attractively, and live long—*Tissick*——give me my Carrawayes.

Isab. What Art I beseech your Ladiship?

L. Beard. Nay, 'tis worth your knowing in troth. Why Madam ——the Face preservative is, to be sure to suite your Ingredient to your Complexion— your Tawny, or Olive-colour'd skin would look better if it were White; Therefore White must be added: Then your pale dead Tallow Colour requires a Tincture, and it must have it, 'tis very necessay, and no more discredit to ye, then 'tis to wear a piece of thin Gold for the Kings Evil; or a row of Ivory Teeth, when your own have uncivilly left their habitations.

Lidia. So now shall we have a Description of her own Imperfections and Deformity, by a Misterious advice how to shun e'm——

L. Beard. Defects in Nature, Madam, must be supply'd by Art; 'Tis not onely requisite, but Customary —and 'tis the knowledge of what ingredient is most natural, is the main cause of being beautiful—why now I alwayes use a certain blew reflection to my face.

Lidia. How, Blew?

Isab. Mercy on us.

L. Beard. Blew, Madam —— and sometimes when I am sick and out of order, Black and Blew are very convenient: 'Tis a little

strang:

ſtrange to you, I warrant —— but my complection requires it, and I alwayes conſult that.

Lidia. Nay, any one that ſees your Ladiſhips face, may eaſily gueſs your great knowledge in theſe matters.

L. Beard. Some obſervations Mrs. *Lidia*; ſome obſervations: I have not, I think, been backward in procuring the good of my Neighbors —— pray let me look on ye —— hold up your head —— a little more —— ay, 'tis ſo —— a Phillamot would ſet off your Face extremely ——

Lidia. 'Twould make it Olive-Colour indeed, if you call that ſetting off.

L. Beard. Olive-colour! ah, you are ignorant Mrs. *Lidia*, Olive-colour! 'Twould make it ruddy. Ruddy! there's your Complexion! Why that, which you have on, ſpoiles your face inſtead of beautifying it —— I have ſome Powder in Boxes at home would do ye a kindneſs if you would uſe e'm.

Iſab. Have you not a great care Madam —— leaſt ſome of thoſe Boxes ſhould come to publick view —— you know that would not be for your Reputation ——

L. Beard. Care, Madam —— yes, I warrant ye; never doubt that: For, if a ſtranger comes into the Room —— whip — they'r gone in a moment —— and now you put me in mind on't, in troth I was damnably frighted once about ſuch a buſineſs.

Lidia. Were you ſo?

L. Beard. Ay —— I Swear, moſt ſtrangely frighted, it makes me ready to tremble every time I think of it — I'll tell you how 'twas ſitting one day dreſſing my —— 'Twas before I was Marry'd, and I think truly 'tis now about Five and twenty years agoe —— ſitting, as I was ſaying, dreſſing my head, my Husband, who was then a Servant to me, and one, that though I ſay it, laid as cloſe ſeige to me as any man in Europe could do —— he, I ſay, ſtole ſoftly into the Room, and ſtood juſt behind me ——

Iſab. As you were dreſſing your head?

L. Beard. Ay —— but I preſently turn'd back, and being extreamly ſurpriz'd to ſee him —— thinking to mend all, ſnatch'd up my falſe head of Brown hair, and Curl'd Tower, that lay by me —— (For, to tell you true, my own was ever of a ſcurvy colour) and, gad forgive me —— in haſt, put it on the wrong way —— ha, ha, ha, Oh heaven! What a Caſe was I in —— I look'd for all the World like one of the Satyrs in a Paſtoral — ha, ha, ha —

Lidia. I vow this was a ſtrange Misfortune indeed —— but, What ſaid the Gentleman? Did he not laugh ſoundly?

L. Beard. Laugh —— ay —— I warrant ye —— he Laugh'd, and I Bluſh't; and he Laugh'd, and I Trembled —— for, you muſt think, I was moſt terribly frighted —— as I hope to be ſav'd —— I had like to have

have miſcarry'd about it—I was fain to wear an Eagles Stone about me for three months.

Iſab. An Eagles ſtone?

L. Beard. Yes, I aſſure you, the onely Sovereign Remedy in the World to keep young Ladies from mi carrying.

Lidia. Miſcarrying! Why, Madam, you ſay, this was done before you were Marry'd. For heaven's ſake what does your Ladiſhip mean?

L. Beard. Gad forgive me, What ſhall I ſay now? Did I ſay before? pray, pert Mrs. *Lidia*, remember your ſelf, Did I ſay before? I ſaid after we were Marry'd I aſſure you——

Enter Sir Frollick, *Sir* Lubberly, *and* Boy.

Sir Froll Come, Sir; now I think we may venture—— My Lady *Beardly*, in all Joy and Duty, I kiſs your Ladiſhips hand——in the next place give me the favour to introduce my Nephew here, Sir *Lubberly Widgeon*, a man of good quality and parts, and one that will be proud to be grac'd with your Ladiſhips acquaintance——

L. Beard. I am his humble ſervant, Sir. (*Salute.*

Sir Lubb. Well, there's no ſuch Kiſſing, as where there are no Teeth.

Lidia. Come, let us take this opportunity to get away, Madam: Wee'l wait for your Ladiſhip in the next walk.

L. Beard. Your Servant, my Deares; I'll oblige my ſelf with your ſweet company incontinently—— (*Exit* Iſab. *and* Lidia.

Sir Froll. The Cauſe of my waiting on you, Madam, is to inform you, That this Gentleman——loves you——

L. Beard. Ha, ha, ha——I proteſt, Sir *Frollick*—— you make me laugh——Love me — why 'tis impoſſible——alaſs, Sir——I am old, I am old.

Sir Froll. Your age has been cautiouſly conſider'd, Madam: and, tho' my Nephew be backward in theſe matters, and unwilling to break the Ice himſelf. Yet, he knows as much for his Inches, as any man on this ſide *Rome*, I'll ſay that for him.

L. Beard. Nay, verily, the Gentleman has a very hopeful Countenance; your Jolt-head---long Eare, and ſober Sheeps look never failes. He ſhould be a Barriſter by his Phiſiognomy.

Sir Froll. He has ſome Knowledge in the Law indeed---beſides, Madam, he has travell'd moſt parts of the World, and can diſcourſe of the Manners and Cuſtomes of Nations very elegantly—— ah, he has ſcap'd great Preferments very narrowly.

L. Beard. Well, Sir——I wiſh I were younger for his ſake, then perhaps I might ſay ſomething.

Sir Lubb. Madam, for ever I'll incloſe you here, with the Circuit of this Ivory pale—— What's next Sirra?

Boy. You'll be the Park——

Sir Lub. I'll be the Park, and you ſhall be the Deer:

Feed where you will, on Mountain, or in Dale,
Graze on my lips, and when thoſe Hills are dry——
When thoſe——Hills are dry——are dry——hum——are dry;
What's next you Dog?

Boy. Stray farther where the pleaſant Fountains lie——

Sir Lubb. Stray further where the pleaſant Fountains lie.

L. Beard. Very well----I vow there's a great deal of pleaſure in being Courted, I Swear there is--- Come, Sir *Frollick*, pray let us walk down the next walk---here's Company coming, and another time, Sir *Lubberly*, more of this if you pleaſe---but, let the next be in Proſe I beſeech you---

Sir Lub. Proſe! Well---it ſhall ſweet Queen; ſweet old Queen it ſhall---any thing to pleaſe thee my Dear *Landabrides*. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Beverly *in Diſguiſe.*

Bever. So, now to my Miſtriſs; in this Diſguiſe I think I need not fear being Dogg'd by my plaguy-Wife, or any of her Setters; for ſhe's as Revengeful and jealous as an *Italian* that has trapan'd his Wife in Maſquerade----Gad, theſe Wives are unreaſonable Creatures, as headſtrong as wild horſes, and as unconſcionable as a *Jew* to a *Chriſtian* that owes him money. Marriage is a meer Game at Bowles: where the Wife is the Jack, to which, 'tis true, all our endeavours ſhould tend. But, how unreaſonable is it to expect an excellent Cloſe caſt, when the Biaſs of our Bowles run clear another way----- Ha----- ſure that's *Beauford*: 'Tis ſo, what makes him here?

Enter Beaufort *and* Brainworm.

Beauf. I think ſhe'll eſteem me for a Man of honour: I am ſure I am very punctual, as Faith 'tis true, I ever was in theſe Caſes----- Sirrah, look up that Walk, and try if you can ſee any body coming--- Now, Dear *Olivia*, keep but thy word, and I am bleſt for ever.

Bever. Olivia! on my life here's ſome Intrigue or other going forward----it may be I may make a Diſcovery.

Beauf. Oh, here comes one I believe that will releaſe my Doubts.

Brainw. He does look as like a Pimp as another man, that's the truth on't---I believe Don, you may venture on him.

Beauf. Have you no Meſſage to deliver Friend, to a Gentleman that was to be walking here? no Ticket, nor Appointment, nor no ſuch thing? hah!

Brainw. From ſome diſtreſſed Lady, or Damſel, that is Deſtitute of ſuccor, or ſo? No tidings, Friend; no tidings?

Beauf.

Beauf. Peace, Sirrah: Come, I'm ſure I'm right, thou art the perſon.

Bever. Why, Faith Sir, I have a Meſſage to deliver.

Beauf. Very well; a very honeſt Fellow, Faith; here's money for thee.

Bever. No reward, I beſeech you Sir, till you know whether I may deſerve it or no? for I muſt know your name, and by ſome token or other, that you are the right perſon, before I can diſcover any thing.

Beauf. And all the reaſon in the world faith——gad a perſon of great Conduct, and underſtanding this——I ſee ſhe's cunning; ſhe chooſes her man for theſe affairs. Well, to make all things clear friend, in the firſt place know my name is *Beauford.*

Bever. Beauf. So — oh my propitious fate — *(aſide*

Brain. And I am known by the Name and Title of *Diggory Brainworm* of *Booby-Town*, in the County of *Hamſhire*, Yeoman.

Beauf. Keep your diſtance, ſirrah! then as a ſecure Token, Friend, that I am the true, real, appointed individual perſon, know that *Olivia* your Lady——and my goddeſs——about an hour ſince met me here, where after a world of happy raillery betwixt us, ſhe bid me wait her here, and promis'd about this time to ſend a meſſenger to conduct me to her——hah——What think you now, is this token enough?

Bever. Enough in conſcience Sir, and I am now confirm'd, you are the right perſon, and may therefore be free in the relation; Know then Sir, that my Lady waits for you, ſhe is alone Sir, and the cuckoldly Fop her Husband is abroad Sir.

Beauf. Is he! the fool abroad——ha ha ha!

Bever. Ay ay Sir! go on, go on and proſper — ha ha ha! i'faith you are a happy man.

Beauf. Ha ha ha——thank thee heartily faith; gad thou art a very obliging perſon——but thy Lady ſhall be good to thee upon my account.

Bever. On his account——very good; oh how my heart beats for revenge——

Beauf. Here's fortune now Rogue! here's fortune! well I forgive all my ill luck paſt for this days happy ſucceſs, and is ſhe alone, ſay'ſt thou? and is the cuckoldly Fop her Husband gone out?

Bever. Gone, gone Sir, the coaſt is clear, and you may go and plunder the wealthy Magazine without controul; he Sir! alas ſhe can quickly pop him out o'th' way, when ſhe has any private deſigne—beſides Sir, I was aſſiſtant in the buſineſs - for you muſt know Sir——I hate him mortally——

Beauf. Doſt thou? why then the Devil take me, if thou art not the civileſt fellow that ever I met with——here; prethee let me be a little grateful to thee——gad I ſhall be aſham'd of my ſelf elſe——

Bever. Not a penny i'faith Sir, let me beg you not to offer it.

Brain. Well——This is certainly the firſt pimp that ever refus'd money.

Bever. But come Sir, come away; methinks I long till you enjoy your happineſs.

Beauf. Ah dear Rogue, and ſo do I too faith: Here's fortune now Sirrah——here's fortune!

Bever. Hah! a Wag, you ſhall have her, wag you ſhall have her.

Beauf. Ah dear Rogue, I am bound to thee for ever——

Bever. And poor Cuckold ſhall be lock'd out——ha ha ha!

Beauf. Ha ha ha! ay no matter, no matter; let him! let him! Pox, what ſhould dull Husbands do with ſuch bleſſings?

Bever. Ay, right, right; what indeed? come, come, go with me, I'll place you both conveniently——ay wag wag come along.

Beauf. Thanks my dear charming Rogue—here's fortune now; here's fortune——— *Exeunt.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lady ſent me with a meſſage to a Gentleman in theſe Walks, and the devil of any living creature I can find, but an old Woman a knitting——'faith I'll e'en go home agen; oh I think yonder he is——

Re-enter Beverly.

Bever. So, now I think the Fox is ſnar'd, and cunningly, and ſhall accordingly be us'd, e'r he gets free agen—hah—This fellow muſt certainly be her meſſenger. 'Tis ſo——I know him now, but I'll hinder his diſcovery immediately——

Serv. Sir, Sir,——My Lady ſtaies for you——Oh Lord my Maſter!

Bever. Yes Raſcal 'tis I; your deſign is diſcover'd. Sirrah you come to convey *Beauford* to my wife?

Serv. Oh good Sir forgive me, I did but as my Lady commanded.——

Bever. Well; to make you amends now, do what I command you, take no notice of my Diſguiſe—but tell your Lady that I dogg'd you and *Beauford* to the Garden-houſe——and as ſoon as he was entered——lock'd him in. Do this faithfully, or expect not to live a day.——For if I find thou fail'ſt in the leaſt ſcruple, hadſt thou a thouſand lives, thou ſhou'dſt looſe 'em all.

Serv. Oh——I will be very faithful Sir.

Bever. Away then, and now for my revenge——I hate this *Beauford*; whatever my Wives deſigne was in this buſineſs——he I find, had a down right rank, lewd inte[illegible] for which I'll reward him; I'll inſtantly order my ſervants be ready and whipping, and pumping

pumping, tossing in a Blanket,—all that malice, or ill nature can invent, I'll inflict upon him — Let him hereafter demand what satisfaction he pleases.

And since to cuckold me was his intent,
I'll act that Cuckold in his punishment. *Exit.*

ACT. IV.

SCENE *Pallace Garden.*

Enter Beauford *with a Blanket wrapt about him, and* Brainworm *in his Shirt, and a Petticoat over him.*

Brainw. OH Gadsbud! Were ever poor Intriguers so used? all my bones are out of joynt, and lye as if they were no kin to one another. 'Tis well 'tis a calm morning, for a little puffof wind would certainly shake me to pieces.

Beauf. 'Sdeath — have I us'd Intrigues so long, know all the quirks and quiddits from the Maid to the Matron; and at last live to be whipt, and toss'd in a Blanket?

Brainw. Ay, here's fortune you know Sir—here's fortune! You'd forgive all your past ill Chance for this happy hour—Well, I shall be hang'd, I am certain on't—your damn'd luck will never leave me but at the Gallows?

Beauf. Sirrah! leave Condoling— now 'tis unnecessary, and let us plot how to repay this affront; *Olivia*, as I was just now inform'd by her Woman, was not at all accessary——This was her Husbands revenge, who it seems dogg'd her Messenger—but how should he know that I was concern'd?

Brainw. Your old friend the Devil, no doubt gave him some private intelligence——andif the Truth were known, assistant too—For the Rogues were shap'd like Furies. And bless us! who knows but they might really be so?

Beauf. By their unmerciful usage of us, 'tis true, we might guess 'em Furies — I am sure the greatest Devil in Hell, could not use me worse.

Brain. They mounted me into the Air like a Cat——I was halfe an hour a falling—besides, my Sex is chang'd, I shall never be my own man agen whilst I live, nor my Wives neither—There's my sorrow. *(weeps.*

Beauf.

Beauf. My Sex I think is not chang'd yet— but by yon Sky I'll have it chang'd with all the speed I can. I'll cross my luck one way or other, I am resolv'd on't——Come sirrah we'll to the Tavern; a brisk bottle will ripen our Wits for Invention, I can get that upon Tick.

Brainw. To the Tavern! ay, we are in two pretty decent habits to go to the Tavern in, are we not? Ounds! how I could curse that Quean Fortune, for putting this affront upon the top of my Family— To th' Tavern quotha? Why we shall be taken for some of the Wild *Irish* that come to pilfer and steal, and so sing the Second part to the same Tune, *Of Beating and Kicking* ——

Beauf. Faith it may be so——hush, I think here's a man coming out of a House.

Brainw. A man! Pray Heav'n it is not the Beadle.

Enter Sir Frollick Whimsey *and his man.*

Beauf. Sir *Frollick Whimsey* by heav'n, but 'tis impossible he should know me in this garbe, and if he questions me, I'll counterfeit an *Irish* man, and gabble in that Language.

Sir Frol. Is there no Law for Corruptions in these Cases? shall a Rascal presume to cuckold me, and shall not I presume to have his Life or his Money? give me the Rascal, I'm resolv'd on't——how now? What are these that sneak about my door at this time of the morning? What are you sirrah? hah——

Beauf. Aw Crain a-cree——ee be a pauvre honest Irish-man, and Chris shall save thy good face.

Brainw. 'Sbud what shall I do now? for the devil a language can I speak but *Pedlars-French.*——

Sir Frol An Irish-man—— a Rascal I believe—And you there sirrah, what Countrey man are you?

Brainw. Mo gortogal agi agan aga Highi Lagand Dugutch magan.

Sir Frol. A Dutchman, a Thief I believe, both Thieves as gad save me, and come to rob my house.

Beauf. Oh-hone—a Teef, a got pless thy sheet coontenance, ee ne'r was Teef in *Englands*, o my saul Joy, eet vas in *Irelands*, and Teef is very fine Trade there.

Brainw. Thegeef, thogou lygyst igin thygy throgote.

Sir Frol. What does the Rascal call me goat? (*Strikes him.* Give me patience, here's rare impudence! come sirrah, come you back too. I'll make you (*Strikes* Beauford.) know the respect due to a Knight, and a Justice of Peace — Within there—— call *Toby Scribble* my Clerk hither, I'll see thee soundly slash'd, as gad save me, I'll do the King that service——the poor rogues have no Money I think.

Beauf. Will-a-loo, oh hone, o hone; 'sdeath what shall I do now?

this

this is worſt of all, for if he diſcovers me, I ſhall be whipt to death.

Brainw. Ay, ay, here's fortune too Sir, here's fortune; oh!

Sir Frol. Sirrah ſtand there, and hinder 'um from running; hoa, will no body hear me?

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. What is't I ſee! *Beauford*, and in this ſtrange ridiculous diſguiſe— ha ha ha—— } Beauford *and* Brainworm *make pitiful ſigns of diſcovery to* Iſabella.

Beauf. The Devil, this damn'd Jilt will diſcover me.

Iſabel. Ha ha ha! what can this mean? here has ſome damnable chance happen'd to him, and his Signs are to let me know he wants my help, ha ha ha, lord how he looks! Come prethee my dear, let the poor fellows goe this once, do not defer revenging my injuries by ſtaying to puniſh theſe Creatures; 'tis true, they look like very lewd ſcurvy Raſcals, eſpecially, that tall fellow there in the Blanket, but come, for my ſake let um eſcape.

Sir Frol. I will deny thee nothing; go get ye gone ye Curs, and thank this Lady—ye had been ſwing'd elſe—and now to my other buſineſs, I'll not ſleep till I am reveng'd of this raſcal *Beauford*, what e're it coſt me. *Exit Sir* Frol.

Brainw. Oh the Devil go with him, what a fright have I been in!

Iſabel. What here ſtill—in my life I never ſaw two ſuch impudent creatures.

Beauf. Nay Madam, will you not know your poor ſervant?

Iſab. Ha,ha,ha! Am I company for the wild Iriſh? are vagabonds fit to be of my acquaintance?

Beauf. No Madam, but a friend in Maſquerade I hope may.

Iſabel. Maſquerade! I ſwear this is one of the neweſt Maſquerading Habits that I ever ſaw, but I ſuppoſe 'tis pertinent to your Intrigue Sir, and doubtleſs there is ſome trick in't.

Beauf. Trick,ay, a damnable one too, if you knew all *(aſide.* I muſt invent ſomething, leſt ſhe find the truth on't——'tis true, Madam, there was a plaguy Plot in't as you ſay: for coming from a friends houſe about twelve a clock laſt night, where we had been at ſupper; a dozen luſty Thieves beſet us, and in ſhort, robb'd and ſtripp'd us; for what could we do againſt a dozen you know?

Iſabel. Thieves, and a dozen of 'um?——

Brainw. Thirteen by this light; I beat a dozen of 'um my ſelf.

Iſab. Did you? Why who could rob you then?

Beauf. A damn'd lying rogue, he beat 'um—he was bound, and thrown into a Ditch, and had not I helpt him out had been ſtarv'd, ſirrah, not a word more for your life; I wonder for my part we were not both kill'd.

Brai w.

Brainw. And so do I too faith.

Beauf. But come set your wit at work, and contrive some way that I may be rid of my Mantle de la guer here; and then I am wholly devoted yours.

Isabel. For your man I have a habit, but I swear I know not how to contrive for you, unless you will make shift with that my Brother, a *Russia* Merchant left with me, when he went to Sea.

Beauf. Pox, any thing rather than this Blanket, let's see't,

Isabel. Come in then softly.

Brainw. Ay, ay, come, that I may get rid of my Parliament-Robes too; 'sbud I hope this garb will come in fashion e're long, there's many as ridiculous, that has —— *Exeunt.*

Enter Olivia *in mans Cloaths*, Lidia.

Oliv, Now prosperous Fortune, if ever thou wert indulgent to an injur'd Woman, assist me, and if there be a subtilty natural to our Sex, that's capable of revenging wrongs, Husband be sure of the Effects — I've now a double Cause, my own and *Beauford*'s —— who has had but a scurvy return for the service he intended; come Sister give me the Vizard.

Lidia. What will my Brother think when he comes home, and finds you have deserted his house?

Olivia. No doubt but he'll be embrac'd betwixt hope and fear, but my firm resolution makes me negligent of that, 'tis only the loss of my company, can make him sensible of the blessing of it; for the value of a Wife, as of all good things else, is best known by its want. For if once there be a neglect in Love, the gordian knot of Wedlock, will so stretch and slacken, that 'tis ten to one but a witty Adventurer may easily undoe it, to tye a faster in its stead; this was *Beaufords* opinion, who I think has now sufficiently paid for it — but I'm tardy Sister, but no more of this now, be sure to keep council, and expect the happy result of all — farewel. *Exit* Oliv.

Lidia. What a mad fellow is this *Beauford*? wild as a storm, rash, and inconsiderate, and yet I know not what ails me, ever since I saw him yesterday in the Walks — he has been continually in my thoughts; methinks his vices too look less ugly in him than in another: pray heaven these pleasing thoughts breed no heart burnings: he's handsome, and I have folly enough to love a worse face — 'tis but venturing, if I am snar'd, I'll silently mourn my fate in some dogril Ditty, and get out of the Labyrinth as well as I can. *Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

Enter Isabella, Beauford, Brainworm *dressing themselves.*

Brainw. Ha ha ha!

Isabella. Ha ha ha——a very pleasant *Metamorphosis.*

Beauf. A Plague, this is more ridiculous than my Blanket, and I behave my selfe worse in this garbe, than an Ambassador of that Countrey does in an *English* one——a pox of your hanging sleeves and strait hose here. Well, that Nation are certainly the most Clowns of all others, they love no variety, as men of Honor should, nor ever change their damn'd old fashions, because they know not how to behave themselves in new.

Brainw. Ha ha! save ye Don *Diego*, save ye Don, shall I twirl your Manchatoos, or set your Ruff Signior? ha ha!

Beauf. Very well sirrah.

Isabel. Ha ha! he looks more awkerdly than a Countrey Grazier in a lac'd Coat.

Brainw. Ay, or a Clumsie Citizen on a Training-day——

Beauf. So Rascal, pray get you to the door and watch the old Knights coming back, and be careful de'e hear? or I shall spoil this mirth of yours.

Brainw. I will Sir——I will—Don — *Diego* quotha, ha ha ha! *Exit.*

Isabel. I think Sir 'twill be very convenient for you to go too, for I assure you, I cannot secure my Husbands absence long.

Beauf. I fear him not Madam, he's gone to his Council, to tell him he's a Cuckold, and desire his advice, ha ha——

Isabel. His jealousie will spur him home again sooner than you imagine, and then how your *Russia* counterfeit company will agree with his rough *Italian*, is a greater doubt than you have wit to consider on.

Beauf. Faith Madam, my confidence like my love, is too fierce to be very thoughtful, this only I can say for my self, I have three to one against the ill fortune of his coming, and that is enough to encourage a Gamester. If there does a damn'd chance come in by the by, I'll honestly bowl about a curse or two——and patiently suffer under tribulation.

Isabel. But what amends Love or Reward, must I expect?

Beauf. Why you shall have all I have Madam, a hearty sigh from the bottom of my heart, that I am able to pay, and no more.

Isabel. P'sh, I mean from my Husband Sir, but I find this agreement you propose, not worth my Signing to; and so adieu.

Exit running.

Beauf. Nay, if I leave thee so, I am a dull rogue indeed——I'm resolv'd to have a parting kiss, come what will on't. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Lubberly.

Sir Lub. My rich old Widow, I muſt not be tardy in chace of her, I think t'other two hours chatt will do the buſineſs, for ſhe begins to chatter bawdy, and diſcover her Writings, and 'tis obſerv'd, when once a Widow does that, ſhe's your own; and faith good Writings, and full Bags, are the ſtrongeſt motives to raiſe paſſion now-a-days, That jolly Poet ſays——

Face of young Miſs is beſt for keeping Pony,
But the beſt part of old Widow is her Money.

But come, a little of my Uncles advice will do well, I heard him go in here. *Exit.*

Re-enters running, Beauford *and* Iſabella *after him.*

Oh *monſtrum horrendum*! oh my poor cuckoldly Uncle! Oh thou art bob'd, thou art bob'd, ſure, never was the like ſeen, felt, heard, or underſtood, no never——never

Iſab. Nay, Sir *Lubberly*——pray ſtay and hear me ſpeak.

Beauf. Hoblia Caſtilliano Signiour.

Sir Lub. Caſtilliano Cuckoldiano Signiour——oh horrid! what in this rampant Habit too? this is intolerable, but I'll publiſh inſtantly——I'll divulge, I'll be as loud as Thunder; the Stentrophonical Tool ſhall be nothing to me——my Uncle ſhall know; I'll inform him immediately

How Beauford *like a thief of Foreign Nation,*
Has ranſack'd, rifl'd, robb'd his Wives Plantation.

Iſab. Fye Sir *Lubberly*, pray have more regard to my Honor, than to have ſuch an opinion, I'll aſſure you there was no ſuch buſineſs in agitation.

Sir Lub. Agitation—— O Lord there ſhe is again — agitation.

Beauf. Sir, upon my Honor I was only teaching her a new Sarrabrand——I borrow'd this Habit for that purpoſe.

Sir Lub. What, behind the Bed?

Iſab. What a malicious accident was this? (*aſide.*

Beauf. Peace, I've a trick ſhall bring all off yet——well Sir, what ever conſtructions you are pleas'd to make of us; yet 'twill be your beſt way to be ſilent, I ſhall ruine your Amours with my Lady Aunt *Beardly* elſe. I aſſure ye that you ſhall be no Relation of mine, unleſs you can hear, and ſee, and ſay nothing Sir.

Sir Lub. Oh do not talke of making a breach betwixt me and my dear Lady *Beardly*, I beſeech ye Sir.

Beauf. Shall I truſt t'ye then, will you be ſilent? is your mouth ſhut up?

Sir Lub. Shut up, ay——as cloſe as a Cockel-ſhell, not a word of the buſineſs: now, though my Mother were concern'd, I'll do any thing

thing rather than break off with my Lady *Beardly*: go get in again, goe I ſay; not a ſyllable not I—do faith – do—get ye in once more mum—mum.

Beauf. Oh your ſervant Sir, I have no buſineſs there not I, nor had I ſpoke of this, only you were pleaſed to ſay you ſaw ſomething.

Sir Lub. Not I man—I ſaw nothing, nor can ſay nothing, I am dumb and blind, a Fool, or a Pimp or any thing, and ſo fare ye-well, prethee get ye in again——mum——not a ſyllable, not I.

Exit.

Beauf. Ha, ha! I knew there was no way like this.

Iſab. 'Twas well you had the good luck to find it out, the fool would elſe have been very troubleſome; but ſee, here he comes again.

Sir Lubberly Re-enters.

Sir Lub. Oh we are undone, undone—my Uncle is come home, came in by the back door of the Garden, and is juſt coming up, a pox on him.

Beauf. So I find I muſt to my Blanket again. Damn'd chance, What's to be done Madam?

Iſab. I am at my wits end: Sir *Lubberly*, run you out and hold him in diſcourſe a little, while I contrive ſomething.

Sir Lub. Ay ay, any thing, any thing. *Exit.*

Iſab. There's no other way Sir for ye, but to counterfeit my Brother *Alexander*, new come from travel; this Habit ſuits you well—one ſide of his face was blaſted, which was the cauſe of his wry mouth, and loſs of an eye; then he's of a ſtrange waſpiſh temper, this you muſt ſtrive to imitate; and becauſe my Husband never ſaw him but once, if you take care in doing this, I'm confident 'twill not be eaſie to diſcover ye.

Beauf. 'Sdeath I ſhall never do it right—I ſhall betray my ſelf.

Iſab. Nay, if you fail in reſolution, you are undone—come here's a Temple-patch for your Eye—let's ſee now, draw your mouth awry and look upon me——very well —— now obſerve to ſpeak pettiſhly (*Beaufort makes grim faces*) and I warrant he knows ye not.

Beauf. Oh here he comes, now my pennance.

Enter Sir Frollick.

Sir Frol. This plodding fool is never at home when a man has occaſion for him—how now, give me patience——who have we here?

Iſab. I imagin'd Sir you would wonder at him —— why, 'tis my Brother *Alexander*, newly arriv'd from Travel.

Sir Frol. As gad ſave me, 'twas a wonder to me indeed—hah—why what a monſtrous Habit he has on—Brother, you're very

wellcome home——— I am glad to see you good Brother.

Beauf. The like to you, Sir, the like to you: but, by your leave, Sir, I am a Man of few words, you know my humor.

Counterfeits a wry mouth, and speaks pettishly.

Isabell. 'Tis his way, Sir, you must bear with him.

Sir Frollick. Ay, ay; with all my heart—but, good Brother, How stand your affaires since I saw you last? Do you thrive?

Beauf. Perhaps I do, perhaps I do not, Sir. I hope I am known to understand my business, Sir; and therefore will take the priviledge not to give you any accompt, Sir. (*Sir* Frollick *sits down.*

Sir Frollick. Any accompt, Sir — as gad save me, he speaks as if he would fright English out of its wits: but, Why so long, good Brother?

Beauf. I am not hot, Sir; nor cold neither, Sir— What a Pox I know what I am, Sir; and what I do as well as another, if you go to that, Sir.

Sir Frollick. A pleasant humor.

Enter Brainworm.

Brainw. Come, Sir, come away; the Devil's in ye, ye can never leave off in a reasonable time; if the old Cuckold comes and finds you here, you'l remember it as long as your name's *Beauford*; I'le tell ye that.

Sir Frollick. Hah — What's this?

Beauf. Oh confounded Dog——— how now, What Rascall's this?

Brainw. Hey day———What new Vegary's this —— What a pox d'ee stand making mouth's for? 'Sbud, Is this a time for Mummery. Good Sir, come away———my old fit of the Palsie is come, and I'me sure there is a beating not far of.

Sir Froll. Right, Rascal———if I and my whole Family are sufficient, assure your self ye shall be well furnisht———What, hoa——— within there. (*Starts up, and draws his Sword, and stands at the door.*

(*Whispers a Servant.*

Brainw. O! gads bud; What, more mischief still——— Sir, I vow to gad, Sir, I was not at all accessary —— 'twas he that contriv'd all, and drew me in —— however, Sir, I have a pair of Ears, and a piece of my Nose at your Worship's service; to show that I am a very honest fellow, and so forth, Sir——— Oh! What shall I do?

Sir Froll. No, Rascal, I'le take no Composition in this Case, Sir. Come away there——— Brother, I beg your pardon, they are so tardy———'tis onely a small Entertainment, I have provided by way of Bastinado, or so. I know what your *Russia* humor loves.

(*Complements the Spanish way.*

Beauf. Ah

Beauf. Ah plague of your Compliment: 'Sdeath, no way to eſcape?

Sir Froll. O now I think they are coming.

Iſabell. I ſee there's no way to relieve him——therefore 'tis pollicy to ſecure my ſelf——for, whatever he ſuffers, 'tis requiſite I preſerve my own honour——————————— (*Aſide.* Was there ever ſuch monſtrous Impudence? by heaven, my Dear, I took him for my Brother, and ſo Careſs'd him accordingly——and that he ſhould prove a Raſcal, a Cheat at laſt, and onely take this Diſguiſe to abuſe me——Oh I may thank thy wit and quick apprehenſion, heaven knows how I had been us'd elſe.

Beauf. Oh dam her——was ever ſuch a Jilt——nay, Sir, pray hear me then——this Woman——here, your dam'd Wife——

Enter Servants with Batoons.

Iſabella. But I'le make ye an Example, I'le teach ye to tempt my Integrity——I will ye treacherous Raſcals; come, fall on, fall on.

(*Beats 'um, and ſhe takes a Batoon, and helps to beat 'um out.*

Serv. Make ready the Wheel-barrow there——Sirrah, we'll hamper ye. (*to* Brainworm.

Sir Froll. Hah, hah, hah——As gad ſave, this is ſome revenge however; So——ſo——well done Sweet heart; well done in troth——thou haſt troubled thy ſelf too much dear Rogue, I'faith thou haſt.

Iſabell. A ſcurvy Impudent Raſcal: What, ſeek to corrupt me?

Sir Froll. Come, he has his payment——he'le be rampant no more this ſix months I warrant him——Come, let's go, I'faith I'll kiſs thee for this——as gad ſave I will——come——

Iſabell. A thouſand to one but I had been trapan'd. Lord! What a wicked World is this? (*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Pallace Garden.*

Enter Beverly *and* Wheedle.

Beverly. Come, come, ye are falſe as Hell, and ſhall repent your treachery: and, whatever you think me, Madam, in matter of Love and Intrigue, I'le confirm my ſelf to be a Man of honour in this, gad I le be ſure to keep my word with ye.

Wheedle. Sooner then to a Man you had promis'd to be ſecond to, I dare ſwear.

Beverly. Ay, eſpecially if I were to fight for you, or ſome of your Siſter Town-Jilts; gad, a Man's well rewarded that fights for a rotten Orange.

Wheadle.

Wheadle. You might have elevated your thoughts a little—but 'tis true, your Talk is suitable to the Company you keep, *Taylors Wives*, and *Exchange-Wenches*, who will sooth your passion for half a pint of burnt Brandy, and vow and protest you are the lovingst Man they ever met with.

Bever. Very well, you can rally now, Madam; now the Vizard is pull'd off, a man may have the priviledge of viewing: this is your integrity in the Devils name, your dyings, your sighings, and your innocence with a Pox t'ee, but this shall not bubble me out of my reason.

Wheadle. Your Reason's as Corrupt as your Nature — pray recollect your self a little, Sir, let the Fane of your fancy wheele a little about this way, if I am not mistaken matters have been otherwise 'twixt you and me, there was a beginning of Amours--when there was none of this Jealousy, but Vows, and Oaths, and Tears, and languishings, and all that ——— I do remember, Sir, there was such a time.

Beverly. And there was a time too, Madam, when your Mercinary Vice lay in your Eyes, and not in your Tongue, which perhaps pleas'd me better —— a time too, when you had Innocence, Charms, and Graces, to procure the languishings you speak of: and when I could have flatter'd my self with the hopes of gathering that pretious flower, which you Women say you lose—but never any could find, that ever I heard of—I remember there was such a time Madam.

Matilda. And might have been so still had not my too easie nature abus'd me: oh that I had the power of being inconstant, that I might have the power of torturing ye!

Enter Olivia *in Mans Cloaths, Maskt.*

Olivia. Here they are — and sure, by their strange carriage to one another, have been quarrelling — I'le stand apart and observe.

Beverly. Torturing me———ha—ha —— prethee do not flatter thy self with things impossible, for my part I must confess my self a true Rover —— I am alwayes for the pleasure of Love; but, when it comes to torturing, I thank heaven, can as easily cast it off as a shoe that wrings me —— yet I can love Women, and, to your knowledge, heartily; but, if they expect Tears, Heart-burnings, and such like; Gad, I must beg their pardons, 'tis not my way.

Matild. Ah, you know what a fond fool you have to deal with ———ungrateful man.

Olivia. So, this suites well with my design, and now good luck, lying, and flattering assist me — heavens! What strange barbarity is this? Can any many be so destitute of Nature, Reason, and Humanity, to draw Tears from so incomparable a Beauty? Ah, charming Creature,

Creature, too pretious for mankind, since us'd so cruelly! What Adoration can attone this Crime? Life is too poor, too mean a Sacrifice.

Bever. How now? What a Devil have we here? a young Masquerade, that hopes to ingratiate himself by taking her part—Harkee Sir, your absence will be very necessary; for to stay and proceed further in this business, will perhaps be more dangerous then you imagine.

Olivia. Dangerous——Sir, I love danger—— my name's *Dangerfeild*—— O from the dangerous minute of my birth, danger has been my chief Companion—you shall alwayes find me ready, Sir, to prove that danger you speak of——but first, fair Creature, a word with you.

Bever. 'Sdeath, this is the most impudent young Rascal that ever I met with; Sir, be gone, or I shall be provok't too——

Olivia. Nay, Sir, be Civil, as you're a Gentleman——I'll speak but a word or two with her, and then am wholly at your Service: Madam, though my hatred to this Gentleman makes me disguise my self from him, 'tis fit you should see the face of your humble Adorer.

Wheedle. By heaven a sweet Creature!

Olivia. Ah, be [illegible] Creature, to let my hearts first oblation be its Martyrdome; Why should a Man, inconstant as the Wind, that lives in Heaven, and yet not knows his happiness, and rather slights his goddess then adores her, be owner of such Treasure and I want it? I that have lov'd ye with a heart so passionate, more nobly fixt, more constant and more kind than Love can frame in strong imagination? and, Is there no return, no reward, no answer?

Wheedle. There is, there must——Oh gods! my heart yields faster then he has time to storm it.

Olivia. My Fortune's I can boast as great as his, and my desire to serve ye far more: besides, in stead of his base impure love, I'le greet your beauty by the name of Husband; I'le cure your mangled fame; So well I love ye, I'le Marry ye.

Wheedle. Marry me! Oh happy sound——and ten times happier, coming from so sweet a Mouth—Marry me! Sir, I'm yours, and will be yours for ever and ever, nothing shall part us — Marry me! not time, nor destiny, nor any thing my dear dear——but, Will you marry me indeed? Oh heaven! this is the Joyfull'st minute I e're knew; Will you be sure to marry me?

Olivia. Most certainly; there's my hand on't.

Wheedle. I affectionately kiss it: Some Gold and Jewels I have of my own too, and they shall all be thine, dear Creature — Oh heaven! Shall I be marry'd at last?

Beverly. A very fine buſineſs this: but, ſure I ſhall put a ſtop to the proceeding, I muſt not loſe her ſo for all my fooling. Hark ye, Sir, I ſuppoſe you that know ſo well how to get a Miſtriſs, know as well how to defend her —come, draw Sir. draw.

Wheadle. You ſee the Advantage you have of me by my ſhort Sword, and therefore doubtleſs ſpeak this; but, I conjure ye, if ye are a Gentleman, or a Man of honor, and courage, defer the matter, and let a Duel decide it too morrow morning.

Beverly. No, Sir, delay is ever a friend to Cowardize, and therefore I'le not oblige ye with it: but, to let ye ſee I am a man of honor and courage —— there's my Sword for ye —— now give me yours, and let us fight ——come, come you trifle, Sir, your Sword, your Sword.

Olivia. Hold, Sir — and now ſtand —a little further— dam me, ſtand off. I ſay, Sir, the Antients did allow pollicy ſometimes to be preferr'd before valour— now, I think in pollicy, 'tis fit I injoy this Lady before I fight for her, or elſe being kill'd, where's my reward? Therefore, have a little patience, Sir, too morrow you ſhall find me ready in this Plain Field, near the Bowling-Green, till when I give you leave to live, and meditate: but, this Lady muſt along with me.

Bever. Oh infamous Cowardiſe! 'Sdeath, Sir, you will not ſerve me ſo?

Olivia. Even ſo, by this good hilt, Sir. Nay, keep your diſtance too, or I ſhall give you ſuch a mark, Sir —— ſhall make you wiſh you had ſtood farther off, Sir—— now does my fingers itch to ſwing him a little—I'me ſure I ſhall never have ſuch another opportunity.

Bever. Hell and Confuſion—was ever man thus us'd—Sir, for ſhame, for ſhame be more a Gentleman, and conſider your reputation—

Olivia. Come not nearer Sir ——Sa—ſa—ſa: by Heaven I ſhall tickle ye if ye do.

Wheadle. Ha, ha! I ſwear this is very pretty.

Bever. Is there no remedy——How now, Who comes here? *Beauford*—'Sdeath, this is worſt of all.

Enter Beauford.

Beauf. Oh Plague of Intriguing, I ſay— my Bones are certainly all broke, methinks I can hear 'um rattle as I go along—how now, Who's this?—

Olivia. Beauford, as I live, that has had no opportunity of going home ſince his Diſgrace—— but has made ſhift with a ſtrange habit. I'le go and diſcover my ſelf to him; 'twill be ſome part of amends for his late misfortune. (*Goes and Whiſpers him.*

Beauf. And

Beauf. And, Is that your Husband d'ee ſay—Oh how I long to be at him. Lend me your Sword, Madam, I'le revenge my ſelf immediately.

Olivia. No: I'le have no fighting —— I have given the poor Fellow his life—therefore muſt protect him—but, Sir, Is there no way to revenge your ſelf but by the Sword? methinks there ſhould — here's his Miſtriſs who n I have alſo conquer'd —— ſure methinks there ſhould be a better way Sir, then fighting.

Beauf. Madam, I humbly thank you for refreſhing my memory—for, I vow to gad I had clearly forgot the other way —— hah —— his Wife and Miſtriſs both in my power—faith, here's occaſion for revenge enough, that's the truth on't—Sir, you have the good fortune to ſcape me now, and, I think, have ſome reaſon to be glad on't; I had ſeconded your Blanket entertainment elſe I aſſure ye but there's other matters in hand now—this Gentleman, this Lady, and I, have ſome private buſineſs together, Sir, and ſo farewell t'ee——

Olivia. Ha, ha, ha—how he looks —— this happens as I could wiſh—and now dear Wit I thank thee. (*Exeunt.*

Bever. Shame and Anger ties my tongue up; but, I'le not ſleep till I am reveng'd, though the performance hazard my life and fortunes. (*Exit.*

Enter Lady Beardly, *and* Tiſick *ſitting ſmoaking.*

Tiſick. And is too morrow the day——good Madam.

L. Beardly. Alaſs, I am afraid ſo, Sir *Lubberly* has no patience—— I know he will never leave tempting me till the buſineſs is done: and I ſwear I tremble as much as I did at Fifteen, when I was firſt Married, I vow I do.

Tiſick. Truly I think your Ladiſhip perhaps has ſome Cauſe; for, in my opinion the Gentleman is too young for ye.

L. Beard. Too young for me, in troth no —— not an hour too young: marry, would he were younger, I could bear with him I warrant ye—— there are two things alwayes further theſe Marriages—— (Youth and Money) for, if they were not young, we would not Marry them—and under the Roſe, *Tiſick*, an we were not Wealthy I'me ſure they would not Marry us—how now, Whoſe there?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Madam, Sir *Lubberly* is come to wait on ye.

L. Beard. Od's my life—here had like to have been a ſurprize ——————————————*breaks the Pipe.* *Tiſick*, ſome Musk quickly to ſweeten my breath—and reach me hither my Box of Writings—So, ſo; I Vow I was terribly afraid he

ſhould have found me ſmoaking Tobacco—hum——500 *l.* due on this Bond at *Michaelmas*.

Enter Sir Lubberly *Singing.*

For he that a Bonny Brisk Widow will Wed,
Muſt Ranſack her Coffers, and creep to her Bed.

How does my dear Lady and Wife that muſt be——what, peruſing—well, I have been with Sir *Timothy Ticklecauſe*, and the Settlements are almoſt drawn; the happy hour is approaching, 'tis coming, Rogue, 'tis coming.

L. Beard. Your Servant, dear Sir *Lubberly*, I proteſt ye make me bluſh.

Sir Lub. Thoſe bluſhes influence the heavens, and give a radiant tincture to the Morning; Madam, you are the very Cinthia of perfection.

L. Beard. And you the Phebus of Wit and Gallantry.

Sir Lub. Madam, your Perſon is Natures Eſſence Bottle, and your mind the Mirror of Virtue and Diſcretion —— but now we are talking of Eſſences—hugh——methinks here is a ſcurvy ſmell of Tobaccoe.

L. Beard. Oh faugh——do not ſpeak of it, Sir——————— (*Get ye gone baggage*) [*aſide.*
Oh, if I ſmell Tobaccoe I ſwound immediately————(*Exit* Tiſick.
hugh——Sure you miſtake, *Sir Lubberly*—I ſmell none—

Sir Lubber. Hah—gad I'me ſure I think I ſmell it————but, no matter, now to our buſineſs: Shall too morrow be the day? Shall I be happy——

L. Beard. Alaſs, Sir, I muſt needs ſhow the Widows failing. I have not power to deny ye any longer.

Sir Lubber. Haſt not? and, Shall I poſſeſs all?——and, above all thy excellent Perſon——without controul at Board, Bed, and ſo forth, ha.—

L. Beard. Ay, what you pleaſe, Sir—— alaſs, I'me a poor weak Creature; but, I know, you'le be as kind as you can, Sir.

Sir Lubber. Kind——the Fat Frier to the Black-brow'd Nun ſhall not be kinder——we'le never quarrel—— nor throw Tongs and Candleſticks at one another, as the Cuſtome is, but live and Coo together like two Turtles.

L. Beard. So we will in troth——and, for my part, I'le never ſcold.

Sir Lubber. And I'le never be Drunk——unleſs it be with thee, and then you know it will be Convenient.

L. Beard. It may so, it may indeed: but, there's one thing more my Dear, that I must beg of thee. Do not keep a Whore; do not faile that way. Let me be sufficient——— Alas I know I shall be loath to spare thee. Therefore keep no Whore I beseech thee.

Sir Lub. Well, I won't, I won't: come, I le resist temptation for once——I'le try what I can do——and yet gad a Whore would be very necessary —— but, for thy sake I'le strive against the grain—come, I will keep no Whore——I will oblige thee. Thou shalt serve turn.

L. Beard. Why, blessing on thy heart! and, when I faile in my affection, I'le give you leave to ramble: why never was such a Couple as we shall be——wee'l nothing all day but talk, and chat, and look upon one another.

Sir Lub. Ay, and sit together in two-lin'd Elbow Chaires by the fire side---and at night tell old stories——then drink a dose of *Mirabilis*, go to bed, and snore heartily, and never rise till Twelve the next day.

L. Beard. No, not till three, if you think fit; in troth I am transported strangely——I did not think I should ever have seen such happy dayes agen — I vow 'tis very comfortable—— then, Sir, wee'l live so merrily—

Sir Lub. And sing perpetually.

L. Beard. And kiss everlastingly——Shall we not Sir?

Sir Lub. Ay, ay—— kiss—— why wee'l do nothing else the first Moneth. Come hither to me, come hither to me my dear old Queen and let us incorporate.

L. Beard. Ah dear Sir! well, I protest my heart's at my Mouth.

Sir Lub. Come away then to Church immediately——— first say grace, and then fall too.

And let all judge whil'st thus we are entwin'd,
If ever pair were fitter to be joyn'd. *(Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE *Palace-Garden.*

Enter Olivia *and* Wheedle.

Whee. PRethee my dear, defer my bliſs no longer, oh how I long for the happy minute that is to compleat my Joys! methinks each hour is a day, and each day a thouſand ages, I vow I'm afraid you begin to repent your promiſe.

Olivia. Never fear it, and ſince you are reſolv'd to venture, goe and fetch me the key of the Cabinet, where your Jewels are, as you promis'd me, and then command me what you pleaſe.

Wheedle. I'll fly ſwifter than Thought, and am glad any price can purchaſe thee. *Exit.*

Olivia. Ha, ha, ha! alas poor ſilly creature, if thou didſt but know what an inſufficient——what a ſign of a Husband thou wert ſo eager of, thou wouldſt think the purchaſe dear at the rate of a gilt ſhilling. Sure never was creature ſo fond, ſhe haunts me where ever I goe, ſmiles when I ſmil'd, and is ſure to be melancholly when I am ſo, and then is eternally vowing perpetual Love and Conſtancy. Nay, and what feeds my revenge high, and pleaſes me moſt of all, is, ſhe is now going to deliver me up all her Jewels—thoſe very Jewels which my Husband has given her, as the price of his impure Love; and this is ſo full ſatisfaction, that my wiſhes are all bounded—here comes *Beauford* too, whom I muſt confeſs I have us'd but ſcurvily, in ſo long delaying the reward due to his paſſion, but 'tis his misfortune, for the only ſatisfaction he deſires, is the only thing I dare not grant him. Well Sir, what now?

Enter Beauford.

Beauf. Madam, I have waited ſo long for the happy minute, and have had ſo little ſatisfaction on your part, that 'gad I can forbear no longer—what though Love did not induce you to recompence; methinks, in conſcience you might a little conſider my neceſſity.

Oliv. Ha, ha, ha! well, I ſay Sir, how poor are they that have no patience.

Beauf. Ay gad, I ſay, how poor are they that have all patience, and no reward for't.

Oliv. Reward——fye Sir, come do not give me cauſe to think ye Mercinary, do all things free and generouſly; when ſervice comes to be

be paid once, where lies the obligation?

Beauf. And when Love Madam——like hoarded mettle, lies rusting, and is almost spoil'd for want of use, where lies the pleasure or profit?

Oliv. Bring but your recompence within the list of Honor, Reason, and Virtue, and there's my hand, I'll be more free than your wishes in the performance.

Beauf. Ah dear Rogue—— on this white Altar I could eternally pay my hearts oblations — but a word more of Virtue and Reason, and I swound, my Teeth chatter already; 'gad 'tis like swallowing an Icicle just after a man has drunk a comfortable Elixir to warm him. But Madam, in strict sense, what greater reason is there, than in charitably saving a poor young hopeful fellow from the grave; or what's more like a Woman of Honor, than to be punctual in keeping her word?

Oliv. Cuckolding ones Husband is a glorious point of Honor, I must needs say.

Beauf. And so it is, and necessary too, as your case stands; let me tell you that Madam, virtue has nothing to do here, you are to follow the dictates of Love and Revenge, without the consideration of what is right or wrong.——As in a Duel no man of Honor or Courage invited to be Second, stays to debate whose Cause is best, but boldly pushes on at all adventures——and makes his friends Life and Honor equal with his own; he that coldly stands in niceties or punctillo's, is a Craven and no Cock of the Game, I'll answer for him.

Oliv. Well then, since 'tis decreed, and that I am to pay so dearly for your service, I'm resolv'd to have my penny worth out of ye, therefore listen to my Commands, which obey'd and perform'd, perhaps I may come to terms.

Beauf. Oh very well.

Oliv. My Husbands Mistriss is so passionately in love with me, that she has discover'd all her secrets, and is now gone to fetch the key of her Jewels, that lye in a Cabinet at her old Lodgings, and your assistance I shall want in the conveying them hither; I had design'd you should have share with me, but since my Love is the only Reward you expect, that other profit must be wholly mine.

Beauf. Ha! Jewels! 'gad such helps would be very necessary, as my condition stands, her love may be won at more leisure——nay Madam, if you are resolv'd to keep your vow, I cannot be so barbarous to——

Oliv. To infringe it, I am not willing——hah——

Beauf. No, not for the world Madam—— but these Jewels how are they to be purchased? for you know 'tis not requisite for me to goe thither my self.

Oliv. I have consider'd it, therefore your best way will be to seek out my old Servant, he that I sent to you in the Walks, he's an honest

neſt fellow, and I'm ſure will be very careful in the performance; ſtay you here, and I'll ſend her to ye with the key, this perform'd, my revenge is compleat; and I'll inſtantly write a challenge to my Husband to meet me this evening at my Lady *Beardly*'s: perhaps now he finds his error, he may reform, if not, the Wit and Honor of the enterprize rewards me, and ſo farewell to Love and Matrimony. *Exit.*

Beauf. Hah! Jewels! gad this happens well, for my late extravagant expences have put me damnably out of Caſh——and this ſeaſonable recruit, juſt in this juncture, proves very happy—well, I ſee I have ſome propitious Stars, though they are commonly clouded.

Enter Brainworm, *a Letter.*

How now ſirrah, What's the news?

Brainw. News, ſo, he has found it out already, ſure there is ſomething very like a Pimp in my Phiſiognomy, for I never went about a bawdy buſineſs in my life, but if my tongue did not diſcover it, my looks did, and that's all one——would I had burnt this Letter, for ten to one but my bones muſt pay poſtage for it, the contents are doubtleſs Harbengers to another beating.

Beauf. Sirrah, no more grumbling, but let me know the buſineſs; how now, What's that, a Letter you have in your hand there? come let's ſee't, let's ſee't.

Brainw. A pox o' your Eagles eyes.

Enter Beverley *diſguis'd.*

Bever. Revenge, as it is the ſolace of wrong'd ſpirits, ſo 'tis a benefit deſign'd by Heaven, to ſhew the difference between the brave and coward: 'tis the Cordial drop that ſweetens the injuries we have receiv'd, and gives us courage to repay 'em; if I ſhould now raſhly fight with *Beauford* about this, ſhe would then be forwarn'd, and I ſhould fruſtrate my deſigne upon her——no, I'll firſt purſue the effect of this diſguiſe, I ſhall have Duelling hours enough hereafter——hah, and as good fortune happily orders it, yonder he is——now Cunning, Malice—Mans beſt Wit, and Womans damn'd Hypocriſie, I implore your aſſiſtance.

Beauf. Ay, here's your excuſe, here's your melting expreſſions; what ſhe did then ſirrah, was upon compulſion, and againſt her Will poor ſoul.

Brainw. Compulſion, ay that's a fine ſham indeed; 'twas a pretty entertainment faith, to cudgel our bones out of Joynt, and then ſend word ſhe did it upon compulſion, compulſion in the Devils name.

Bever. What! my dear, noble, and moſt accompliſh'd ſpark of fortune

fortune, is it you? i'faith I am o'er-joy'd to ſee ye, gad I was afraid I ſhould never have been ſo happy again.

Beauf. Hah, my good and truſty old friend, let me embrace thee.

Bever. Ah deer Sir!

Beauf. Why this is an exceſs of fortune, too happy for my hopes—— for I was juſt now ſending my man all o'er the Town to ſeek thee.

Bever. Why, what bleſſed chance had I to come ſo opportunely! Well Sir, and how came ye off with your laſt buſineſs? faith I heard the ill-natur'd cuckold us'd ye very ill.

Beauf. Ah moſt damnably, o'ons I was beaten plaguily, and then toſt in a Blanket.

Bever. A Blanket! why what an unnatural chance was that? 'sdeath is it poſſible that ſo witty, ſo amorous, and ſo politick a man as you, ſhould have ſuch damn'd Foot-boys luck to be toſt in a Blanket? as I live 'twas intollerable.

Beauf. 'Twas ſo— but I thank fortune I have now the power of revenging my ſelf ſufficiently, for I have at this time both his Wife, and Miſtriſs in my cuſtody, beſides a third benefit, which out-weighs all; which thou ſhalt know preſently.

Bever. How, his Wife too ſay ye Sir? oh Devil!

Beauf. His Wife, rogue, his Wife, and ſhe is in ſo quaint a diſguiſe, that igad I defie him to find her out, if he has only inſtinct to make his diſcovery.

Bev. Death and Damnation.— I ſhall ne'r have patience. (*aſide.* Why this Sir, compleats your happineſs, and I doubt not but you have made uſe of your time—Well, was ſhe pliant—is the buſineſs done——hah——

Beauf. No faith, to confeſs the truth to thee, I have been a little tardy in that buſineſs—and ſhe has hitherto always put me off—— but then it has been with ſo many ſmiles, and with ſuch a ſoft languiſhing Air, that my hopes are as great as ever, beſides, 'tis now bounded with an affair I am to do for her: ha, ha! ſirrah, there are Jewels in the caſe, Jewels which *Beverly's* Miſtriſs has given her, in which I'm to ſhare, I thank him for being ſo bountiful.

Bever. Jewels too, Sir——now fortune be conſtant.

Beauf. Jewels, and of Conſiderable value, all that that Coxcomb was ſo long troubling himſelf to beſtow upon her, are ours in an inſtant; ſhe'le preſently be here her ſelf with the Key of the Cabinet, ha, ha, ha! Oh my gall will break with exceſs of Contentment.

Bever. A very quaint buſineſs, I vow to gad, Sir, ha, ha, ha!

Beauf. Now, as good luck would have it (whom I will never blame again, I am reſolv'd on't) thou art come exactly at the time to be Meſſenger, for 'twas *Olivia's* deſire that you ſhould be found out, as the perſon amongſt all her Creatures moſt fit to be truſted in ſo weighty a buſineſs.

Bever. Ah ſhe's a good Lady, heaven bleſs her: O Propitious!

Beauf.

Beauf. For you may go unsuspected to her lodging, and bring all off clearly; but I dare not, for fear of being discover'd; for I hear that Jealous Coxcomb watches for me, as I think he has reason, h'ah, Has he not?

Bever. Ha, ha, ay Sir; but I'le warrant we'le be cunning enough.

Enter Matilda *with a Key.*

Beauf. Oh here she comes her self with the Key —— Madam, this is the honest Fellow the Gentleman order'd to fetch the Jewels.

Wheedle. Well, here's the Key, and pray Friend be careful, for, I assure ye they are of value. (Beauford *gives the Key to* Beverly.

Bever. I warrant ye, Madam; but, 'twould be more easily perform'd, if you could go a little way and show me the house, for, to ask questions, will not be necessary; do but that, Madam, and for the rest let me alone.

Wheedle. That I will with all my heart; this Maske will disguise me a little.

Bever. Nay, Sir, I would not have you go, for if you are seen all's discover'd.

Wheedle. He sayes true, stay you here, Sir; come, Friend, and be sure be careful.

Bever. Never fear, Madam —— I'le secure the Jewels, and you too with a vengeance. (*Exeunt.*

Beauf. So, so, this will be some recompense however, for the ill fortune I have had formerly; I see now the Devil has a principle of Civility in him, and will not too much disoblige a person that deserves better at his hand —— let me see, What shall I do with these Jewels, hah? gad, I'le convert 'um instantly into Money, all Gold; fine yellow Rogues, and then will so Chine and Chink e'm in *Beverly's* Eares, I'le make him mad, ha, ha, ha! Sirrah, you shall have a new Livery too, and Money in your Pocket, Rogue; you can provide your self a Whore, I think, can't ye?

Brainw. A whore, ay, I'm a fine fellow for a whore indeed; alas Sir all natural motions were cudgell'd out of me a great while agoe, I can hardly remember what makes the distinction between the Sexes a whore quotha, alas — my capacity has not extended that way a long time.

Beauf. Ha, ha, ha! and then we'll row and revel like Emperors; oh Madam, the business is done, I have been diligent you see.

Enter Olivia *hastily.*

Oliv. Diligent! the Devil, what, and let *Wheedle* be carried away so tamely by heaven 'tis downright cowardize.

Beauf. Carried away, ha, ha! that's a pretty jest indeed, why 'tis your

your man Madam, the honeſt fellow you bid me diſcover the buſineſs to; ſhe's gone but a little way to ſhow him the houſe, ſhe'll be here again preſently.

Oliv. Oh intollerable blindeſs and ſtupidity! this honeſt fellow you ſpeak of was my Husband in diſguiſe; I ſaw him pull his falſe Beard off, and met her dragging her along: Oh I could curſe!

Beauf. Her Husband! Confuſion, I have made a fine piece of Work on't.

Brainw. So there's my new Livery gone again.

Oliv. Come, pray Sir give me the Key of the Jewels, ten to one but your ill luck will make you loſe that too —— if I truſt ye any longer——come, deliver, I'll do the buſineſs now my ſelf: the Key, the Key.

Beauf. So, I'me a very pretty Fellow, 'Faith. (*Stands trembling.*

Olivia. Ad'ſdeath, What a ſneaking look is there? —— you look as if you were Arraigned for a Rape, and were now going to plead to the Indictment —— come, Where is it? What a fumbling you keep —— What, can't you find it?

Beauf. Fumbling, Madam, I don't fumble, not I —— I am looking, I don't fumble, not I, Madam —— —— would I were in a Sea Fight!

Olivia. What, not yet?— Oh, my prophetick fear— there muſt be ſomething in this —— What's the matter? ſpeak —— Speak, thou vile Creature! Where is't? Still that leering Dog-look —— a hundred to one but you've miſtook, and given that to my Husband too.

Beauf. I vow to gad and ſo I have Madam.

Olivia. Ah que ſui Malhereux! } *Both ſtamp.*

Beauf. Ah Mort dieu Jernie bougra. }

Olivia. This is the moſt unlucky could poſſibly have happen'd; all that my Wit has been ſo long toyling for, loſt and ruin'd in a moment: I warrant ye told him too that I was here with ye in diſguiſe.

Beauf. Yes, 'Faith, I told him that too.

Olivia. Monſtrous —— Why this is meer infatuation —— you are the moſt unhappy perſon that ever was.

Beauf. The unlucky'ſt Dog that ever breath'd, as I hope to be ſav'd.

Olivia. Well, I have this Conſolation however, it frees me from your importunate Adreſſes; you cannot ſure have the impudence to perſiſt after having fail'd the performance of ſo neceſſary an Injuction.

Beauf. Faith, Madam, my impudence, like my ill fortune, will never leave me, till it has undone me. I am a very Spaniel, in Love, Madam; the more my ill uſage, the greater my paſſion.

Olivia. Then, to thy terror be it ſpoken; know (oh moſt unfortunate perſon) that I have fool'd thee all this while, made thee a down-right property, and am a very Miſer in affection. In fine, Sir, by the way of Advice, let me tell ye —— you do but ſwim againſt the ſtream, and vainly daſh againſt the rock of my Conſtancy; there-

fore desist in time, do; Marry, grow vertuous, and love honestly;

Look gravely, say your prayers, think on Hell,
Your Ill luck comes by Whooring, so farewell.

(*Exit.*

Beauf. Very good — I have been a Stock-fish to a fine purpose 'faith——think of Hell in the Devil's name; and gad I will think so much on't, that I will keep my self from thence, if possible, least I should happen into thy damn'd company again. And now my eyes are open too; 'igad I begin to find that I am but a kind of a Coxcomb.

Brainw. Oh d'ee begin to find it——'faith you might have found it before now, one would have thought, 'thas been visible enough.

Beauf. I have now no Mistriss, and, faith, little or no money; two necessities excellently well match'd; for a Man that has a Mistriss in this Age, and no Money to give her, is like one that sets a Lawyer to Plead without his Fee, whatever happens, his business is sure to be neglected — I have one stake left however— this Ring here— which, as it luckily came to me, shall now as luckily relieve me— Sirrah, go you to yonder shop, and bid the Goldsmith come hither to me.

Brain. Ay, ay, come, let the moveable vanish, that we may drink a Bottle, and put our selves in heart again. (*Exit.*

Beauf. This will make a little blaze; and, let the worst happen 'tis but practising Reformation at last, and wheedle my old Aunt into a belief of my Conversion, and then all's well again.

Enter Brainworm, Goldsmith, *and* Officers.

Oh here's the *Goldsmith.*

Goldsmith. To buy a Ring, say'st thou —— in troth it could not have happen'd in a worse time: For, I have just hir'd these Officers to arrest a person, that has lately put a Cheat upon me; but, come, I will have a little patience to do your Master a kindness.

Brainw. Come, Sir, you must dispatch the business quickly, because he says, he's in haste.

Beauf. Here, Friend, this is the Ring —— good Stones, I assure ye, and of true vallue.

Goldsmith, Ay, like enough, Sir — ——by Coxbodikins, the very self-same Ring I was cheated of, and which I made for Mr. *Beauford*, this was happy fortune Ifack; now *Timothy Touchstone*, show thy self to be a Cittizen of Wit and Politicy, and cramp this Gallant. And pray how long have you had this Ring, Sir?

Beauf. How long have I had it, Sir?

Goldsmith. Ay,

Goldſmith. Ay; How long have you had it, Sir? and, How came you by it, Sir?—Look'ee, Sir, I am a Magiſtrate, and, with your leave, may ask theſe Queſtions: I ſay, How came you by it, Sir?

(*Shows a pocket-Staffe.*

Brainw. A Conſtable! Oh gads bud I ſhall be hang'd.

Beauf. Came by it, Sir? why, Sir, my Grandmother left it me for a Legacy; Sir, it has been worn by our Family this 500 year: what a Devil d'ee think I don't know how I came by it, Sir?

Brainw. O damn'd lye, damn'd lye!

Goldſmith. Very well, Sir; the King has a pretious Subject of you, that he has in troth, that can Cheat his Leige People, and carry it off with ſuch confidence — Officers, I charge you in the Kings Name to Seiſe him——this Ring is mine, he cheated my Man of it, therefore look to him.

Beauf. So, a rare buſineſs again. (*Playing with his Hat.*

Goldſmith. What hoa——there—*Peter*——come, Sir, we ſhall publiſh what you are.

Brainw. Oh what ſhall I doe?—— now will this plaguy Watch riſe up in Judgment againſt me too—Is there no way to hide it? No contrivance?—Oh that fellows face frights me worſe then a Furys. Oh what ſhall I doe? (*Ties the Watch in his Hat, and puts it on.*

Enter Peter.

Goldſmith. Come ye hither, Sirrah; d'ee know theſe perſons?

Peter. Know 'em, ay, as well as I know my Dame at home, Sir; this is he that had the Ring — and this other here Cheated me of the Watch; I'le ſearch, I'le warrant he has it about him.

Brainw. Search what pleaſeth thee; but, do not Scandalize the Innocent O Man!

Peter. O Man—— What a dickins are you turn'd Quaker o'th ſudden, and have the confidence to wear your Hat before Mr. Conſtable? Come, come, ſtrike ſail, Will ye Friend?

Brainw. Look thee Friend; do not involve thy ſelf in miſchief, I profeſs my ſelf to be no reſpecter of perſons — nor will I vaile my Bonnet to any one, no not to the King *profecto.*

Goldſmith. I le try that Sirrah, preſently. (*Strikes off his Hat.* Oh here's the reaſon, pray obſerve my Maſters, he has ty'd it in's Hat, a cunning Rogue for ye; come, away with'em; Are you ſo good at tricks? I'le trick ye.

Beauf. This was your Project, Rogue; this was your Project.

Brain. A pox o' your Projects: Oh, What will become of me?

Goldſmith. Come, come; away with 'em.

Beauf. This damn'd City Raſcal has no Mercy——and I ſee I muſt ſend to my old Aunt for her aſſiſtance—— come, Whether would you have us you Polecats?

Officer. Oh we'le ſhow ye preſently—we'le ſhow ye. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Olivia *and* Lidia.

Lidia. And is it all diſcover'd?

Olivia. All, I ſwear: and onely by his damnable misfortune, in miſtaking my Husband for my old Meſſenger.

Lidia. Did he tell him you were in Mens Cloaths too?

Olivia. That I think was omitted; he only nam'd a Diſguiſe: but 'twould have been an excellent Scene of Mirth for thee, hadſt thou but ſeen how he lookt, when I firſt rail'd, and at laſt diſcarded him; He was as pale as death, and ſhook, as if he had an Ague.

Lidia. No ſuch occaſion of Mirth, if you knew all. (*Aſide.*

Olivia. I expect him here at his Aunts preſently, and then to obſerve the harrangue between my Husband and he will be excellent diverſion.

Lidia. But, How ſhall I contrive to be there? I dare not let my Brother ſee me with you, for I have ever made him believe I was ignorant of your deſigns; but, if I could be a private Spectator.

Olivia. Private——Why 'tis but pinning up your Gown, putting on a Scarf, pulling your Hood over your Face, and practiceing a little the Chambermaids impudent Gate, and you may paſs for one of my Lady *Beardly*'s Family.

Lidia. Well; I'me reſolv'd I le venture, if it be onely for the ſake of ſeeing ſo extraordinary an Encounter.

Olivia. Follow me then; I think I hear ſome body coming. (*Exit.*

Lidia. By this means I ſhall obſerve *Beauford*'s actions; for I believe I'me allotted to prove his good genius when all's done. (*Exit.*

Enter Sir Lubberly, *and Lady* Beardly, and *Tiſick.*

Sir Lubber. Prithee Woman do not trouble me, I am buſie.

L. Beard. Are ye ſo?—— why then perhaps 'tis my pleaſure to delay that buſineſs. I wonder Sir *Lubberly* you are not aſham'd to uſe me thus. Why would you let me fall over the great Forme in the Hall, and not give me timely warning? knowing, like a cruel man as ye are, that the Monkey broak my Spectacles yeſterday, going to read a Proclamation.

Sir Lubber. I give ye warning—— why what a Devil are ye blind—Cant ye ſee neither, this is worſt of all, this raiſes my diſlike of ye to an extravagant degree? Why hark'ee, ſpeak in your own Conſcience, Can you be ſo unreaſonable to deſire me to fall in Love with that *Madrid* Face of yours? come, I put it to ye, Can you be ſo unreaſonable?

L. Beard. Madrid-Face, I ſcorn your words Sir: for, had not Age been a little too bold here, there's ne're a Woman in Chriſtendome has

has a more comely countenance though I say *it*: come, I would fain know the defects of it.

Sir Lub. Would ye, well, well, have patience, and you shall: Why, in the first place, your eyes are sunk so hollow, that a man had need of a perspective Glass to look into your head to discern 'em; then your Nose is like the Gnomon of a Dial, which the Sun has warpt for many a year — but what is a continual eye-sore to me, is that intollerable Beard of yours——Why the devil don't you go to the Barbers? Why don't you shave? o'ons those whiskers are most abominable.

La. Beard. Ha—alack-aday, it does sprout indeed, (*looks in her Glass.* this is my purblind Womans fault now, oh fie! introth, I cannot blame him, this is a little unseemly, that's the truth on't; (*Takes out a great pair of Cizers and snips her Beard.* but 'tis many a good Womans imperfection, that's my comfort——but come *Sir Lubberly*, I am the Consort of your bosom, and you should, methinks, wink at my imperfections: consider, there is no wife but has external or internal failings; ah Sir *Lubberly*! you could have wink'd once——you could have born with this face of mine before you had your ends——but now my Nose is like the Gnomon of a Dial. Hah! well, you verifie the old proverb.

Sir Lub. What proverb now? come, what proverb?

L. Beard. *When the Devil was sick, the Devil a Monk would be,*
But when the Devil was well, the Devil a Monk was he. (*weeps*

Sir Lub. What a pox then, you make a Devil of me do ye? hah? this is rare impudence, but I'll fetch your Similes out ye old Jade. (*Strikes her.*

L. Beard. Help help there, why Sir *Lubberly* are you mad? gad forgive me, are you infatuated? what swinge your wife the first week of your marriage, before the Wedding-shooes are warm, as one may say——oh Villain, Fool, Coxcomb, why thou art like——

Sir Lub. Like——what more Likes still—mum I say——*Face*——I command ye, as you expect Bamboo should sleep in peace, be silent. *Exit*

L. Beard. Oh woman, woman, what hast thou brought thy self too!

Tif. Come come, have patience Madam, have patience.

L. Beard. Patience——What a Woman of quality as I am, and suffer my self to be thus us'd? I have made a fine business of it; in troth I have supported this decay'd frame of Beauty to a rare purpose, if this be the fruits on't! And yet 'tis no more than what all of us are liable too; Marriage is a thing we are as greedy of, as a Fish is of a bait, though he swallows his destruction: we cannot help it, it is in our natures, nay, we cannot live without it; and then too, if we do marry, 'tis to these young Rascals, though we are sure it is not us they love, but our Money; well, I must do something by way of prevention; I'll go and invite all my Relations and friends to dinner;

it

it may be good admonition, may work much upon him; if not, my penitence shall be a warning to my whole Sex,

That they may know how dearly I repented,
That married thrice, yet could not be contented.

Exit.

Enter Sir Frollick, Isabella, Lidia, *with* Sir Lubberly.

Sir Frol. How now *Sir Lubberly*, what flinch from your friends, your guests, and Relations — give me patience! this is but an odd way of welcome —— what my good Lady in tears too —— hah, by my faith this is a little of the soonest *Sir Lubberly*.

Sir Lub. Ah let her alone, let her alone — the more she howls, the less she scolds, you understand me.

Sir Frol. Ay ay, Sir, I understand ye, ha, ha, ha! give me patience: What an intolerable dunce is this Nephew of mine! come no more of this *April* weather; faith this ill agrees with a Bride the first week of her Marriage.

Isab. Especially one match'd so to her hearts content, one that married a young man for the pleasure of his company, and yet having possession, is not satisfied —— fie — I swear this can be no fault of his, but the effects of your own ill nature.

L. Beard. Well Madam, mock on —— it may be your own case another day, when you come to be old; I as little thought as you to come to this, but you see the consequence of Love and Folly.

Sir Frol. Come good Madam, no more of this, I have an affair to inform ye of. I met your Nephew Mr. *Beauford*, just now in the Constables hands, and upon information of the busin ss, found it to be a very slight matter; and though for my part, all things consider'd, I have of all men, the least reason to stand his friend, yet thinking my self sufficiently revenged on him, and my good nature prompting me to forget and forgive, I took him into the next Tavern to know the truth of the matter, and after we had drunk half a dozen bottles, and debated on the matter, I desired the Officer to bring him hither to you to make an end, he is without there, and in my opinion, 'twill be for your credit, to discharge him as soon as ye can.

L. Beard. In troth and so I will —— who knows —— but I may live to have comfort of him —— nay Sir, never mump nor lowre for the matter, as gad save me, I will have consolation one way or other, I in troth will I, and there's the resolution of a wrong'd Wife.

Sir Lub. Then there's the resolution of an inrag'd Husband *{strikes her.*

Lydia. Fie Sir *Lubberly*, what strike a Woman?

Sir Lub. Woman, hang her, she's no Woman — nor on my conscience was —— ah, if I could but create a fancy, or find by any Search,

Search, Art, or Industry—that she ever had been Woman, I could be patient, but to marry a piece of *German* Clockwork, that only hangs together like Geometry——a Hagg, a Witch of Endor——oh 'tis intollerable!

Isab. But will unmanning your self by beating her, help this?

Sir Lub. I don't know——it gives my heart a little ease however.

Sir Frol. But see, who comes here?

Enter Beverly *pulling in* Wheedle, *dress in a mean Countrey-Habit, and* Olivia *after.*

Bever. Nay Madam, no drawing back, I am resolv'd to have my humour.

Wheed. Dear, Sweet Sir, do not shame me before all this company.

Bever. Confound your Sirens note, I am deaf to entreaty. Gentlemen and Ladies pray view this Creature, peruse her well, she's worth your observation; this piece of Countrey dirt was once my Mistriss, Lady of my Heart, of all my Love, my Honour, whose face made me forget a virtuous Wife, to fawn and doat upon her hypocrysie I fell in love with her in a Countrey village, where her old Father lived, a peaceful Ploughman, that knew no Heaven beyond a fruitful Crop; nor Hell beyond foul weather; there at her Taske as she sate spinning, mourning in tears, the slavery of her life, And those hands that now appear so delicate, then parch'd and Sunburnt, turning the rude Wheel; I saw her, pitty'd her, quickly woo'd and won her.

Sir Frol. Very well Sir.

Bever. Brought her to Town, cherish'd her as my life, gave her rich Cloths and Jewels, made her sit at a new Play amongst the greatest Ladies: in Fine, so well I lov'd her, that had she not been less grateful than the Devil, she ne'er could have deserted me.

But mark what creatures Women are
So infinitely vile and fair.——(as a person of great Wit and Honor satyrically says) this Devil, whose kindness all prov'd subtilty, mauger all my Favours left me, slighted me, and falling in love with a smooth-fac'd flashy fellow, had the impudence to court him, with the very Jewels I had given her; but that, as good fortune ordered it I countermanded, and as the reward of your ingratitude, for ever banish'd you my heart; and thus in the same gorgeous habiliments I first found you in, have turn'd you loose upon the Common.

Display the fatal snare, in which men fall,
And shown proud Silts, there great Original.

Sr Lub.

Sir Lub. Gad and prudently done too, for the down-right Devil's in 'um now-a days. But come, now I have another buſineſs: I have a Ticket from the young ſpark I lately ſpoke of, to meet him here, but am afraid he's too much a coward to keep his word.

Oliv. Is he ſo Sir?

Bever. I beg your pardon Sir, for my ſuſpition——but come, no more words, let's ſteal ſoftly off, you underſtand me.

Oliv. Ay Sir, I underſtand ye very well, but I know not what's the matter, I'm in ſo good a humor, that I am now more enclin'd to a reconciliation, than to fighting. Come faith Sir, let it be ſo, for what is paſt, I'll make ye amends, and becauſe 'tis fit ye know the perſon that put that pleaſant trick upon ye yeſterday, you ſhall ſee my Face, how d'ye like it? *(unmaſques.*

Bever. My Wife! ſure 'tis not poſſible!

Wheed. Hah! his Wife?

Olivia. By heaven very poſſible Sir, and very true I aſſure ye; I am that very Numerical perſon you were ſpeaking of. One that to farther her revenge, has ſo long worn theſe fortunate breeches, that ſhe can hardly conſent to return to *quondam* Petticoats again; one that has cur'd your jealouſie by giving the cauſe to be ſo, and laſtly, won your Miſtriſs in ſpight of your Sword, and Policy. But for you Madam *(To Wheedle)* I vow to gad, 'tis an extream affliction to me, that I am utterly incapacitated of ſerving ye in that manner you, I know, expect, and paſſionately deſire: 'tis alas a cheat Madam, that Nature has impos'd upon our Sex: you muſt needs think much againſt my own good liking; yet though I cannot be the happy perſon, I'll give ye a word to ſome young ſpark that can, and I know, you'll like that as well.

Sir Lub. Hark Sweetheart, if thou wilt accept of half a Crown a week, and be content to lye in a Garret.

Wheed. Baſe treacherous Creature——ah curſe upon my ſtupidity!

Bever. Come to my boſom, thou art mine again——all——all my own, and ſhalt be ſo for ever——for from this moment, all baſe droſſy thoughts, that ſoil'd the life and luſtre of my Judgement, ſhall vaniſh; and inſtead of thoſe, thy Beauty, Love, Conſtancy, and Wit, ſhall crown my heart——blot from thy breaſt my faults, and let our union teach the Wild, Roving, and inconſtant World, how they ſhould Live and Love, my deareſt Creature.

Oliv. This now is like a Husbands love; free as it ſhould be;

Which mine ſhall equal, and now I'll boldly ſay,
Whenſoe'er yours was, this is my Wedding day.

Enter Lady Beardly, Beauford, *and* Brainworm.

L. Beard. Come Sir, and pray let me hear no more of theſe Frolicks, live civilly and orderly——and ſtrive to oblige your Aunt——come, you may if you pleaſe, be a comfort to her in her calamity:

We

We are not so near akin, thank heaven, but we may comfort one another.

Sir Lub. Old *Joan* cease your Clack, it offends my Ear: Cosin *Beauford*, welcome to my house, I'm your Uncle, d'ye see, and there's a respect due; but no words of that, let the old Women chatter to themselves, make thy address to me boy. Come, there's a Collation stays within, pray let's all go and toss a bottle or two — Coz, give me thy hand, dost hear — see me often — doe — igad, thou shalt be welcome; come Gentlemen, pray let's goe.

Bever. With all my heart Sir, I'll make one, Mr. *Beauford* and I have long been at difference, and many rough Scene has past betwixt us; come, let it end now: for the injuries I have done you, I ask you pardon, and will give you what other satisfaction, you will demand, for those you have done me, I forgive 'um freely.

Sir Frol. And so do I.

Oliv. And I.

Isab. And I.

Brainw. And I, he has got me many a beating, heaven pardon him, I do.

Bever. And further, by way of recompence for loss of this Lady, I promise upon my honor, that any thing (but her) shall on my part be readily tender'd, to express the endearments, I desire to pay Mr. *Beauford.*

Beauf. Faith Sir I am heartily sorry your Complement is lost upon me, but my brains are grown so watry, and my wit is so thin Sir, with my common Calamity, that I fear I should make but an ungrateful Repartee: I am now studying new Philosophy, and to baffle my future ill luck, am resolv'd voluntarily to embrace some strange misfortune: that being once at the lowest ebb, the Devil may have no power over me; to which purpose I will instantly marry the most ugly, old, vicious, mercenary creature I can meet with; and if there can be worse luck than that, I am mistaken.

Bever. Ha, ha! this is an excellent humor i'faith.

L. Beard. Why, what a mad fool art thou? have not I told ye that I would stick by ye?

Lyd. And will ye marry any Woman, d'ye say Sir?

Beauf. Any Woman, by this light — thee if thou wilt — and faith, now I look on thee again, thou art a very fit person, and I believe the Devil has sent thee hither just in the nick, to make thy market; come give me thy hand — let thy consent answer it, and here I do promise upon the honor of a Gentleman; I mean an unlucky Gentleman, to marry thee to morrow.

Lyd. I most Religiously accept of it.

Sir Frol. and *Bever.* Hold, hold, we must deny this Contract.

Beauf. Gentlemen, 'tis too late —— but ſtay now, let me conſider her a little, by her Face ſhe may be a Witch, by her Tongue a Scold, and by her Habit a Whore —— a very hopeful Spouſe i faith; but pray cauſe her to unvail, for I am reſolv'd you ſhall ſee the worſt of her, now my hand's in, *(diſcovers her ſelf.*

Sir Frol. Give me patience —— what —— Madam *Lidia*!

Bever. How —— my Siſter!

Beauf. Now do I expect ſome ſtale, rotten, overgrown Chamber-maid, ſome eternal Green ſickneſs, ſome compound of Paint and Impudence, that has been ſuffer'd to live, meerly to plague mortality; but come, hang't, I'll ſtand up boldly, and bear my affliction like a man. Well Sir *Frolick*, my doom is ſhe, a Witch or a Gipſey.

Sir Frol. O'ons, are you mad Sir? —— why 'tis Mr. *Beverly's* Siſter one worth at leaſt ten thouſand pounds.

Beauf. What ten thouſand pounds?

Bever. Siſter, this does not ſuit your Education.

Lidia. Brother, your pardon, I am now at age, and will not be controul'd.

Oliv. This was more than I expected, but I am glad on't for *Beauford's* ſake.

Lidia. What, I warrant Sir, you repent your bargain now? come what d'ye think on't

Beauf. Think on't! the Devil take me Madam, if I am not paſt thinking; I am all extaſie, fear, hope, wonder; but will you really marry me? and are you worth ten thouſand pound, is there no trick in't? gad, the apprehenſion of my late ill luck does ſo torture me; therefore dear Creature tell me; ſwear, is there no trick in this upon your ſoul?

Lid. None I ſwear —— I am reſolv'd to marry ye.

Beauf. Not a word more, there's a bargain made.

Bever. Mr. *Beauford*, do not flatter your ſelf; your Eſtate muſt be conſulted, before we proceed further in this affair; ſhe is my Siſter, I am her Guardian too, and have now 6000*l.* of hers in my hand.

Beauf. Have ye ſo! l'gad I'le have ſomething elſe of hers in my hands then, by to morrow night, I am reſolv'd: and, now I think on't better, your Honor is pawn'd to aſſiſt me, and I challenge it as you are a Gentleman.

Beverly. The Devil's in't, that this ſhould happen thus. *(Aſide.* Well, Sir, though this be an odd turn in fortune, yet never ſhall any breach of promiſe taint my Honor;

Here take her, She's yours, and now be bold to ſay,
Midſt all Ill-Luck, This is your happy day.

Beauf.

Beauf. Well, if this ſhould be a Dream at laſt now —— but a pox 'tis impoſſible, I have her in my armes here, and if the Devil takes her from me now, gad he ſhall take me too. We'le go lovingly together.

Sir Frollick. Come, all's well, all's well: this was a lucky buſineſs, 'faith; but give ye Joy, Sir, give ye Joy.

Sir Lub. Now, if my Grannum there and I were reconcil'd too, we ſhould be all Friends; but, How the Devil is't poſſible, when a Man has ſuch a continual Hagg-look from her? No, it will not be: 'Sbud, me thinks ſhe looks more like a Witch every day then other; I ſhall be haunted ere long with her Imps, and Fairys; Well, I'me reſolv'd to ſpend all her Eſtate in comforting my heart up; I'me conſcious to my ſelf how much I want it——for,

He that Wedds an old Hagg, that had three Men *before,*
Has one Hell *on Earth, and another in Store.*

Epilogue.

Epilogue,

By Mr. *Nokes*, Repreſenting my Lady *BEARDLY*.

All you that know the Widdows diſpoſition,
Mourn my hard fate, and pitty my condition.
At 15 years my heart to Love began, (Weeps.
And plac't it's deareſt happineſs in Man;
I Marry'd, Bury'd, Match't a Second time,
Nay, and a third, Was ever ſuch a Crime?
My two firſt Husbands lov'd Wine more then Prayers;
One's Heart I broke, t'other his Neck down Stairs;
The third Fool I Cornuted——a meer Logg——
But, this fourth Rogue here beats me like a Dog.
A decent Curſe *for her that leaves Bandore,*
Paints her Haggs face, and Marries at Fourſcore:
But, leaſt there ſhould be any Matron here,
To whom I may not gratefully appear;
One who perhaps may quite miſlike this Dreſſing,
Matcht with a Boy, yet miſt the only Bleſſing:
Who, Miſer-like, would reap all Grains that grow,
When ſhe, alaſs, is much too old to Sow:
Fearing her Rage, I'le change my Sex, *and then*
Caſt *my* Snakes-Skin, *and thus turn* Nokes *agen.*
(Pulls off all his Head-cloaths.
Soe State-Fanaticks change to the Party-Royal,
And when they dare Rebell, noe more turn Loyal.

FINIS.